JOHN BULL

Vol. XXX. No. 792. | SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1921. | TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SHELL

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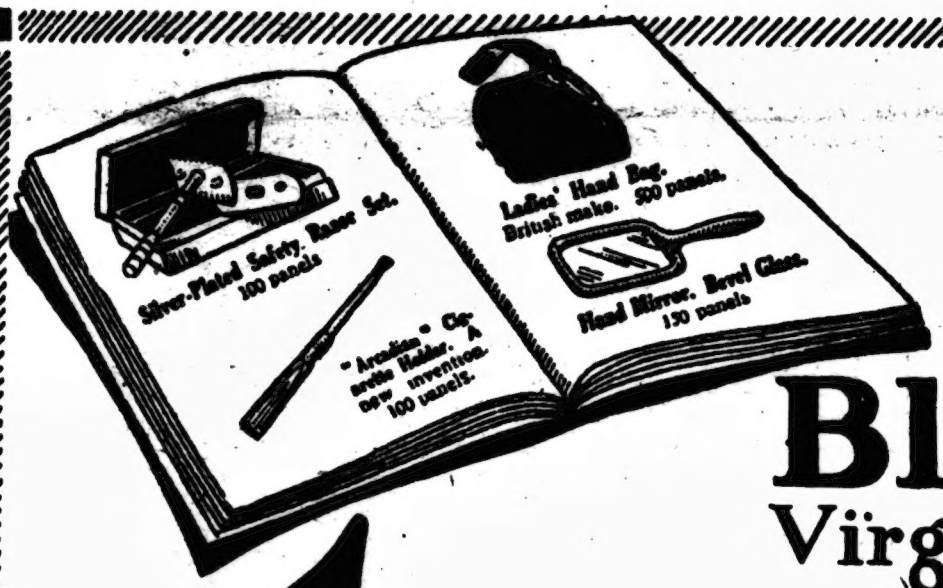
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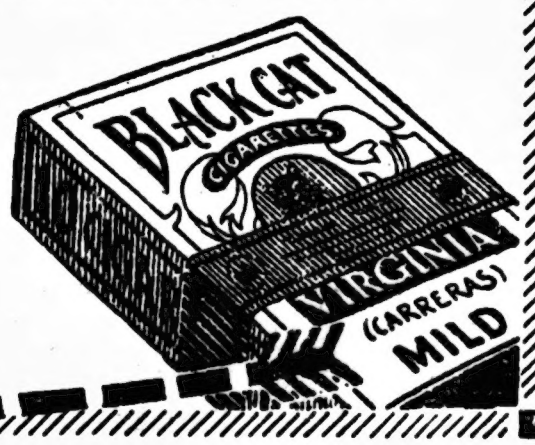

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PUBLIC NOTICE.—MR. EDWARD SAMUEL LOWE. If the above-named, formerly of Cleveland Street, Cherry Orchard, Shrewsbury, Mechanic, and last heard of from Kennington Road, S.E., will communicate with the undersigned solicitor to the estate of his late grandfather, he will hear of something to his advantage. Dated this 9th day of July, 1921. A. E. C. Roberts, Solicitor, 3, Market Street, Shrewsbury.

JUST PUBLISHED. — The PICTUREGOER portfolio of Kinema Celebrities contains the following sixteen magnificent photogravure portraits, size 10 in. by 6½ in.: Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Nazimova, Pearl White, Douglas Fairbanks, Constance Talmadge, Ralph Graves, Charles Chaplin, Pauline Frederick, Mary Miles Minter, Lillian Gish, Thomas Meighan, William S. Hart, Richard Barthelmess, Jackie Coogan, William Farnum; all worth framing. Price 1/-, or post free 1/2. Can be obtained of all Bookstalls or direct from PICTURES, LTD., 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every film lover must have a copy. Send your order now.

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THE best way to describe the taste of Bird's Blanc-Mange is to ask you to try it. Blanc-Mange has been developed by BIRD'S to such perfection that it melts in the mouth like a snowflake.

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The solution of the mystery which daily experience associates with the wonderful successes of Dr. Cassell's Tablets would require the telling of a romantic story of prodigiously detailed and faithful research. For the glamour surrounding the name has been earned with fidelity—it is the legitimate reward of unflinching study, research, and labour. The formula which proves its golden value in the treatment of nervous ailments has superseded all the old specifics. This is because of the remarkable combination of medicaments which it contains, and also because the medicinal ingredients are pure, unadulterated, and of the highest quality. The laboratory in which Dr. Cassell's Tablets are compounded is the most expensively and completely equipped of its kind, and within its precincts scrupulous hygiene is the keynote. The success, then, which all the world acknowledges, is no longer a mystery when these factors are considered, and Dr. Cassell's Tablets have the right to be exalted to the same high plane as that occupied by any other boon which scientific research has conferred upon mankind.

There can be no question of the efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in such ailments as sleeplessness, overstrain, brain fag, neurasthenia, neuritis, the run-down conditions, anæmia, indigestion, kidney complaints, and children's weakness. The spontaneous gratitude of thousands of users has supplied overwhelming testimony of their value.

There is no secrecy about the manufacture of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Daily the splendid laboratory of the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Chester Road, Manchester, is thrown open to visitors. The tablets themselves cost 1s. 3d. and 3s. per box at all chemists. [ADVT.

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Positively unrivalled in tone-quality and the very essence of dependability. Built throughout with infinite care and precision, and finished with unsurpassed excellence. Powerful, silent running Motor, beautifully polished Oak Cabinet with tasteful Art Metal Fancy. Handsomely decorated Soundhorn, Nickel Plated Fittings, Natural Tone Sound Box, etc.

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STRAWBERRIES AND——MILK.

DOESN'T sound right somehow does it?

Falls miserably short of the luscious reality.

Good, but might be better and therefore it is spoilt.

Suppose you were offered such a dish as an alternative to strawberries and cream, and you paying for cream!

Well, that's an easy one isn't it?

Yet many cyclists are taking the milk, where without further expense they are offered Cream.

Choose your machine, ask the price, see a specification, and enquire whether it offers milk or cream in such an important accessory as the saddle. We do not doubt that you will be firm in your demand for a luxurious

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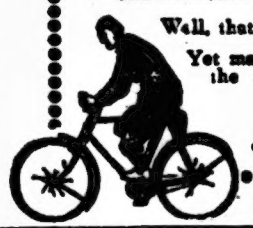

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JOHN BULL

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Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

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Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 792. Week ending Saturday, August 6th, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

August the Fourth.

It is seven years since, at midnight on August the 4th, the signal was flashed to the British Fleet "Commence hostilities." And it is getting on for three years since another signal went forth—"Cease hostilities." And we have still a month to wait for the official end of the war with Germany!

The P.M. and Lord Northcliffe.

Really, the P.M.'s venom against Lord Northcliffe is amazing. Before worrying the King the other day about an imaginary interview in the United States, he might, at least, have taken the trouble to ascertain whether it had ever in fact taken place.

Dr. Addison.

We are in a position to state that the ex-Minister without Portfolio has no intention whatever of retiring from political life, but, on the contrary, he proposes to stand again for his present constituency at the next General Election, and meanwhile to take an active part in the proceedings of the House.

The Goose and the Gander.

By the way, people have already forgotten how Dr. Addison, as Minister of Reconstruction, scrapped Mr. Hayes Fisher (subsequently Lord Downham) over *his* Housing scheme when President of the Local Government Board. How history *does* repeat itself!

The Tory Revolt.

An announcement that a number of Unionist M.P.s have decided to strike out an independent line on the subject of finance is but one symptom of widespreading Tory revolt against the Coalition. Dinner parties and secret meetings are being held almost daily, with a view to bringing about the death of the Coalition before the present Parliament comes to an end.

The Licensing Bill.

For some occult reason, and contrary to all Parliamentary precedent (we having moved the rejection of the Bill), we were not placed upon the Grand Committee. We must defer our amendments till the Report, stage.

A Forlorn Hope.

It is very evident that, for some mysterious reason—(who said "Lord Chancellor"?)—the Government hoped for sufficient opposition to the new Bill to justify its abandonment, thus securing a continuance of the "Dora" restrictions and throwing the onus of their retention upon the critics of the measure. We were not, however, to be caught by such a transparent device—and so we shall be able to get a drink with our supper and enjoy one or two modified bits of freedom during the winter months.

The General Election.

Despite all rumours to the contrary, it may be taken as practically settled that there will be no General Election till after the Government has got through its House of Lords Reform Bill next year. It is no secret in political circles that Lord Birkenhead, in accepting the Lord Chancellorship, stipulated that the new Reform Bill should give Ministers the right to sit in either House.

Sunday's New Paper.

Sunday Illustrated has now settled down, and it is admitted on all hands to be the best size and shape and the best written and illustrated of all Sunday papers. Unfortunately, however, it will be necessary for some time to come to ration the supply to one million copies. Later on, with additional plant and machinery, that figure will be doubled.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The next issue of JOHN BULL, and all future issues, will be obtainable on Wednesday from any newsagent or bookstall throughout the provinces as well as in London.

Pray be Seated!

According to the Rev. S. Horton, our presence in the House of Commons "is a moral insult to the nation"; whilst, as a minister of Jesus Christ, he is not prepared to take his walking orders from either "the scribblers of the Northcliffe Press" or ourselves. As far as we are concerned, the rev. gentleman may take a seat.

The Date of Peace.

What is the use of having an official declaration of the date of the termination of the war—except with Turkey? Thousands of commercial contracts are held in suspense awaiting "the end of the war," and the proposed Order in Council will simply mean more work for the lawyers, and more confusion in the business community.

Judicial Changes.

Before the Courts reassemble there will be at least two retirements from the Bench—but do not include that of the present Lord Chief Justice, Sir A. T. Lawrence (who is already seventy-eight years of age), who will keep the seat warm for Sir Gordon Hewart until the General Election. One of the new Judges will be Mr. Leslie Scott, K.C.—always assuming he cares to take the job. The other may be Sir Ernest Pollock.

A Selfish Editor.

According to the London Correspondent of the *Bolton Evening News*, he could edit the *Sunday Evening Telegram* "with half an errand boy and a couple of typists." He evidently means to keep the typists to himself.

In Good Company.

Says the *New Age*: "There are two schools of thought in regard to international matters—apart from the entirely unthinking chauvenism of the *Morning Post* and JOHN BULL." We like sinning in such company.

A Parson on Pedigree.

Lecturing at Scarboro', the Rev. Tom Sykes, Secretary of the National Brotherhood Federation, said that pedigrees count for much. "Horatio Bottomley," he added, "might be a descendant of some shaggy Norwegian of a thousand years ago." But what about Brother Sykes and Bill of that ilk?

A Good Omen.

According to our old friend, Davy Stephens, the world-famous newsagent on Kingstown Pier, the first thing Mr. de Valera did on embarking *en route* home was to buy a copy of this journal, which he proceeded to read, "smiling as he has never smiled before." Let us hope it was the smile which will not come off.

An Officer's Memory.

We should have thought it unnecessary to state that in our recent article, "How Kitchener Was Betrayed," we had no thought of casting the least reflection upon the late Colonel Fitzgerald, who, as Military Secretary to the great Field-Marshal, shared his fate when H.M.S. *Hampshire* went to her doom.

Soldiers' German Wives.

Many complaints reach us from soldiers in married quarters of barracks that they are compelled to associate with German women whom some of their comrades have married; but, of course, when we drew the attention of the Secretary for War to the matter, he "had not heard of it"! We suggest that these Hun wives, with their husbands, should be isolated—say, in the fever ward.

These War Criminals.

Our information is that several of the principal criminals on the British list, taking advantage of the supineness of our Government, are clearing out of Germany—and yet we are told that no special instructions have been sent to our Ambassador in Berlin to keep an eye on them, and that "in the opinion of His Majesty's Government, no such instructions are required." How the Hun *is* grinni

A Queer Omission.

When the Minister of Labour was recently asked in the House of Commons as to the number of aliens registered at the Labour Exchanges, the number of aliens in receipt of unemployment benefit through them, and what proportion of them is of ex-enemy nationality, the answer was that no records are kept, and consequently the information is not available. This reply is so extraordinary that it raises the suspicion that it has been made to avoid revelations.

Starvation and Extravagance.

Look on this picture and on that. In eleven days fifteen starving persons were picked up by L.C.C. ambulances and taken to infirmaries, among them being a man aged seventy, who had dragged himself to the doors of Charing Cross Hospital, another aged fifty-three, and a poor old widow of sixty-eight. Meanwhile, the Marylebone Guardians spent £6,766 in distributing £3,000 in poor relief in money and kind, and the staff of the Ministry of Labour has been nearly doubled in a year! As the poor starve, they provide fat jobs for somebody else.

Cool Companies—and Sweating Servants!

Why were tramcar drivers and conductors, during the tropical heat through which we have been passing lately, clad as if they were on their way to join a Shackleton expedition? When the question was put to a perspiring conductor at Ipswich, who was sweltering in a heavy double-breasted coat, he declared that he dared not even unbutton the coat at the neck to get a little relief, under pain of being reprimanded for disobedience to orders. We will wager that the inconsiderate idiot who issued such an order took off *his* coat and kept cool in a well-ventilated office.

Postal Preference for Touts.

The Headmaster of one of our Public Schools, having been annoyed by the receipt of a money-lender's touting circular, sent out in the form of a typewritten letter bearing a penny stamp on the envelope, drew the attention of the P.M.G. to the undesirability of giving postal facilities for this kind of business for a penny while private letters and postcards are charged 2d. and 1½d. each respectively. He received a characteristic reply, enclosing pamphlets detailing the description of matter which may be sent through the post at printed paper rate, and informing him that the transmission of such advertisements by post is not prohibited, and that it is not within his province to take action in the matter. Then whose province is it?

The "Sons" Again.

Another victim of the "Sons of Temperance, Hull Grand Division," is a Mansfield (Notts.) man. He joined the "Sons" at Hull when he was nine years of age, and was transferred to the adult section when old enough. In 1915 he did his bit in France, and a fortnight before the Armistice was signed was invalided out of the Army with neurasthenia. He was so far cured as to be able to resume work for a year, when the long and at last fatal illness of his wife through cancer brought on an attack again, and he had to lay up. When he declared on the sick fund of the "Sons," the committee refused relief, on the ground that his disability had been contracted during Army service. This, mark you, after he had been paying subscriptions for 30 years!

Unmotherly.

Mrs. Martha Cody, of Thornhill Street, Savile Town, Dewsbury, on a recent Saturday, went off to a cricket match, leaving her four young children, the eldest of whom is only 7, in the house alone. The youngest was a baby 15 months old, and "through the upsetting of a gas ring the baby was fatally scalded." The Coroner said it is very "improper" to leave young children by themselves so long. We should say "disgraceful."

An Old Soldier Pays.

We are no advocate for using strong language, least of all when there is no provocation, but when an old soldier who has been through the mill, suffering in consequence from overstrung nerves, is fined £3, with the option of a month's imprisonment, because in a moment of weakness he called a spade a something shovel, we think it a bit rough. It's a way the Magistrates have at Llandrindod, where apparently it pays better to be deaf and dumb than too outspoken.

Cruelty and Kiddies.

If it were not true it would be incredible that there is so much cruelty to children in our country—the humanest we have always thought in the world—that in June alone the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children investigated 3,253 complaints, affecting the welfare of over 8,000 children and involving 4,322 offenders. The Society prosecuted in 77 cases and obtained 72 convictions. In 2,812 cases warnings probably mitigated the sufferings and made happier the lives of considerably over that number of little ones. Whoever loves kiddies should help the Society with cash.

Do you know Anita?

Anita who? A neater "Queery" than this? That's a "Queery." Think of a better one and enter it for "Queeries" Competition now running in "Passing Show," weekly, twopence.

Nottingham Justice!

Charged with stealing 24s. from the Pensions Ministry at Nottingham by accepting weekly payments of 6s. for a child who died three days after birth, the confinement and funeral expenses having left him penniless, an engineer was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. Even the poor fellow's plea that he was in desperate straits and wanted money to bury his child did not move his stoney-hearted Judges, who might, in our opinion, have taken a much more merciful view of the case.

Birmingham Has "Bins."

At the end of March and beginning of April the Birmingham City Salvage Department sent two notices to a local resident requiring him to provide 17 new dust-bins on some property in which he is interested. On 12th May the orders were complied with. On 4th July the same Department delivered fifteen further notices, peremptorily ordering compliance with the notices already served. When inquiries were made as to why this was done, it was explained that it was usual to serve second notices before taking cases into Court, and that it was not usual to inspect the properties to see if the original notices had been obeyed!

A Churchman's Tribute.

A loyal adherent of the Church of England, writing from Denmark Hill, is highly pleased with us, as the following extract shows:—"The way in which you attack abuses and support good causes is worthy of admiration. John Bull has become my paper in place of the *Church Times*. The former has more Christianity." We congratulate our correspondent upon his discriminating taste.

Like "Charlie's Aunt."

A farmer who sold his holding in Ireland and migrated to Suffolk in 1916, where he now resides, informs us that he still receives his income tax form (re-directed from his old address) two or three times a year as regular as clockwork. He is naturally wondering when the works will run down, and also when such wanton waste of time and material on the part of the officials will cease. We, too, wonder.

A Home for the Homeless.

A poor homeless labourer, charged with wandering abroad and sleeping on a haystack near Westcliff, was promptly accommodated by the Magistrates with lodgings in gaol for fourteen days. As he had no money, they couldn't fine him; but surely they could have found him a temporary home somewhere else. Our prisons were not instituted to penalise poverty. Where do they expect him to sleep when he comes out? Up a tree?

A Ton of Tin-tacks.

Anyone who wants to get rich quickly might do worse than try the tin tack trade. A ton of iron nowadays costs less than £7. A correspondent relates in a contemporary how he bought some penny packets of tacks and put them on the scale, out of curiosity. He found that each packet weighed just half-an-ounce, so that he was paying at the rate of £298 13s. 4d. a ton for his tacks. No wonder tin-tacks and swearing are closely associated!

Labour Exchange Loonies.

Who, at King's Cross Labour Exchange, is responsible for sending out to contributors "new" Unemployment Books which state clearly on the cover that the amount payable is 11d. per week—"Employer 6d., Worker 5d.," when the actual sum due under the new system is 1s. 3d.? Although it is now common knowledge that several millions of these books were wrongly printed and had to be revised with a highly coloured rubber stamp, it would be interesting to know why the officials at King's Cross still remain oblivious to the glaring necessity of revision. Pipes—or powder puffs?

Over-Whacking.

No harm is done by whacking a boy in reason. It has the warrant of Solomon and tends to improve his mind. In the case of Schoolmaster Joseph Gray, of Southdown, Yarmouth, the whacking was very much overdone. According to evidence in the Police Court, Gray repeatedly and unmercifully thrashed his delicate, 10½-year-old son with a cane for not going quick enough to school, for telling fibs, and for reading in bed. Gray inflicted weals 7½ inches long on the lad's buttocks. Despite warnings, he persisted in his ill-treatment. The fine of £10 and costs which he has had to pay will peradventure moderate the strength of his arm.

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—the news at a glance.

Impertinence.

What the local Press describes as "a racy speech" was made by Lady Sempill in opening a "free gift sale" at Fintray. Its raciness consisted in saying she liked to get away from the "Weary Willies" of England to be back among the keen-headed, willing-handed folk in the North, and to see people who could do an honest day's work, as men down South were idling. This is not only impertinence, but a gross libel on thousands of out-of-work ex-Service men in the South, many of whom would be only too glad to go up North and share the Northerner's jobs if they were given half a chance.

And a Retort.

We fully anticipate Lady Sempill's rejoinder that she intended no reflection on the unemployed, but that is what it amounts to. It has possibly never occurred to her ladyship that those weary ones down South—God only knows how weary of looking for work!—would have no difficulty in finding it had her compatriots been content to stay at home and work there instead of migrating to England.

What's Wrong at Mytchett?

When two men were convicted at Camberley of stealing Government property, it transpired that one of the prisoners, employed as a labourer at Mytchett Camp, gave an order to an R.A.S.C. lorry driver to go to the carpenters' shop and load up the goods, afterwards directing him where to dump the stolen property. We are not surprised that the Court were amazed to be told that a Government lorry could be commandeered by a labourer and the driver take it for granted that it was all part of the day's work. We suppose there is a Commandant of some sort at Mytchett Camp. What does he do?

Mail Order Ramps.

Advertised methods of how to do well yourself by doing others have engaged our attention more than once or twice, but the game is still being strenuously played. The latest variation of it consists of an artful appeal to the credulous, worded: "A bank account may shortly be a necessity to you if you write immediately." An application for particulars produces a prospectus of a silly booklet entitled "Money Making at Home," sent post paid on receipt of 1s. 3d.—wherein, among other things, it is suggested that the road to riches lies in starting a "candy kitchen" and raising canaries! Needless to say, this was prior to the prevailing drought, or rain-making might have been included. Of such is the kingdom of "mugs"!

A John Bull Boy.

Johnny Manning is only a little chap of eleven, but his great big, brave, sturdy heart demands all your admiration. The four little children of a soldier's widow went to play in a field at Great Wakering, Essex, and the youngest, a tiny toddler of three, ran down a bank and overbalanced into the river. Amid all these elements of disaster, little Johnny rushed to the rescue, and, though he cannot swim a stroke, plunged in and caught the drowning baby by the hair just as he was sinking for the third time. When he had got the mite safely ashore and his mother tried to thank him, he simply remarked with sweet boyish modesty, "Well, I would rather have been drowned myself than seen that little baby drown!" God bless you, Johnny!

These "Wages" Cuts.

We are glad to hear from the Secretary of the Women's Section of the National Union of General Workers (late National Federation of Women Workers) that they are not responsible for the "cuts" in wages referred to in our issue of July 16th. The real culprits, she informs us, are the Engineering and National Employers' Federations, whose action our disclaimants deprecate. We accordingly hold the ladies blameless, bless 'em!

Widowhood and War.

Mrs. C. E. Crowe, one of the many victims of the Birkbeck Bank failure, seems to have suffered more than her share of misfortune. Widowed many years before the war, her three children were among the first to volunteer for service in France. In the meantime, Mrs. Crowe existed in a small back room in Highgate, without news, or a single word of hope, regarding their fate. Enquiries through ordinary channels proved unavailing and, penniless and alone, she sought our aid as a last resource. Entirely friendless, without work or money, she now faces the future with courage and uncomplaining martyrdom. Suffering such as hers deserves a helping hand.

FOOTBALL!
£1,000 FOR TEN
MUST BE WON.
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Hitting Back!

There is a donkey in Macon—where the wine comes from—who is not such an ass as he looks. After a journey during which his owner brutally ill-treated him, he quietly submitted himself to be unharnessed, and then turned on his tormentor, knocked him down, knelt on him, and bit his hands, arms and chest, desisting only when he was dragged off by onlookers. We can't help rather liking that donkey. He must have a bunch of carrots.

Found—a Gun.

A gun that was lost and recaptured by B Battery, 307th Brigade, on March 21st, 1918, near Maisseny, has been discovered by an ex-driver of the battery in Cannon Hill Park, Birmingham, among several German guns, with nothing on it to indicate its splendid history. We hope Birmingham will take prompt measures to remedy what we prefer to think must be an oversight on the part of somebody. Sentiment demands a better fate for a gun that must have cost precious lives to recapture.

Mem for Mac.

From what "Yours, Etc.," tells us in writing from Birmingham, grocery and provision trade employees want the head of Dr. Macnamara, Minister of Labour, on a charger, or at least would like to pull his hair. Twelve moons ago the Government set up a Trade Board to consider their wages. The Board fixed the rates, or at least suggested them, and all that has happened up to now is that Dr. Mac. has referred the rates back to the Board for further review. The employees want to know how long this game of shilly-shally is to be played.

A Brutal Father.

To thrash a girl of 12 with a horsewhip provided with an unprotected tip of steel, and to inflict such punishment that twenty-one bruises were found on her body, one nine inches and another six inches long, sounds more like the act of a fiend than of a father. Yet when Ernest Thrutt, an insurance agent, appeared before the Woking Magistrates charged with the cruelty described, he was merely sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the *second division*! What is the matter with the modern Magistrate?

That Spanish Spoof.

The fact that a fresh crop of fools is born every year probably accounts for the survival of the old Spanish prisoner swindle. The latest variation is that of a swindler in Castellon, who writes to a Ragnall (Notts.) farmer: "My dear sir and relative.—Although I have not the honour to know you personally, but by hints of my deceased mother who said me belongs to your family." The preposterous epistle is signed with the surname of recipient prefixed by two Spanish Christian names, but the farmer is no more related to him than he is to Moses, Abraham, Isaac or Jacob.

Lightly Let Off.

Thomas Henry Weeks, of Ramsgate, may think himself lucky that he is not now in gaol. He was found drunk in charge of a wagonette full of men, women and children struggling to get out, the near horse being "practically under the offside horse," with Weeks utterly incapable of control. But for the action of a local ex-sergeant of police, Mr. Sheppard, not improbably a serious accident would sooner or later have happened. Weeks pleaded before the Magistrates that he was suffering from strangulated hernia, and had taken drink to alleviate his pain. On this plea the Bench let him off on payment of witnesses' expenses. Many would have been less considerate of his suffering.

Ingratitude.

An ex-soldier down Farnham way, who, together with his wife and children, has for five weeks past been living in a wooden hut erected on land he bought and paid for out of his savings and gratuity, has been ordered to remove the structure by the Farnham Council. Being unable to comply with the by-laws, which hedged him round like the tentacles of an octopus, he thought it would meet the case if he put the hut on wheels, but the Council would have none of it. Surely a little latitude might be allowed in such a case. If these little tin Councils had half as much consideration for ex-soldiers to-day as they had for their own skins while Tommy was fighting their battles, this sort of thing would be unheard of.

While the Children Play.

While the youngsters are making sand castles on the beach or paddling in the shallows, why not find your own seaside recreation in evolving "Bullets"? You can keep your eye on the babies all the time, and are as likely as any other competitor to win £500, £100, £50, or one of the twenty honorary prizes of £10 each. We cannot imagine a more pleasant termination to a holiday than to discover that it has been profitable financially as well as from the point of view of health. A good idea may bring you this result.

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—the week's news in pictures.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. GOODING.

£100 REWARD FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THE REAL CULPRIT.

NOT since the "free pardon" awarded by the Crown to Adolf Beck, who served a sentence of penal servitude for a crime he never committed, has the public mind been so agitated as by the case of Mrs. Rose Emma Gooding, the Littlehampton woman who, through the action of the Court of Criminal Appeal, has been relieved of the odium of a vile and baseless charge. The facts are too familiar to need recapitulation. Briefly, it may be recalled that in December, 1920, Mrs. Gooding was charged at the Lewes Assizes with sending filthy and abusive postcards to her next-door neighbour, a Miss Swann, and on being found guilty was sentenced by Mr. Justice Roche to ten days' imprisonment. The penalty was a light one, but this was largely explained by the fact that the unhappy prisoner had already spent two and a half months in gaol awaiting trial.

Initial Unfairness.

Alas! her troubles were only beginning. In March, 1921, she was brought up again on a similar charge, the Judge this time being Mr. Justice Avory, who, upon the conviction by the jury, sentenced Mrs. Gooding to twelve months' imprisonment. The woman's previous conviction for the obscene annoyance of Miss Swann was, of course, known to the learned Judge, and weighed heavily with him in passing sentence. It is probable, too, that the circumstances of the earlier trial were within the knowledge of the jury, and it may not unreasonably be urged that the second indictment should have been transferred to the Central Criminal Court. Throughout the proceedings, and afterwards in prison, Mrs. Gooding stoutly maintained her innocence, which in the end was to be triumphantly vindicated. While the poor woman was under detention at Portsmouth, missives of a similar character to those she was charged with writing continued to descend upon Miss Swann, and, as a result of further inquiries, a strong appeal was made to the Home Office. Finally, the Secretary of State referred the matter to the Court of Criminal Appeal, who, on the strength of the evidence now adduced, had no hesitation in ordering Mrs. Gooding to be set free. So far the story has been in every newspaper, and we do not propose to comment further upon the obvious features of the case. We are all sorry for Mrs. Gooding, who has suffered terribly through no fault of her own, and it is to be hoped that the Home Secretary will lose no time in awarding her liberal compensation. Our present purpose, however, is to call attention to the very unsatisfactory nature of the proceedings in the Court of Criminal Appeal, and to demand a plain statement of the reasons which induced the Director of Public Prosecutions to modify his earlier attitude towards the unfortunate woman.

Find the Culprit.

The whole affair is enshrouded in secrecy. All we are permitted to know is that, while Mrs. Gooding was in gaol, Inspector Nicholls, of Scotland Yard, pursued certain inquiries at Littlehampton, and that, on the strength of his private report, the Public Prosecutor decided that Mrs. Gooding had been wrongfully convicted. All else is silence. The mystery remains. The position is a most unsatisfactory one for all concerned. True, Mrs. Gooding is a free woman, and the agony she endured during her five months of undeserved incarceration is at an end; but her friends and neighbours are still at a loss to know how she came to be twice convicted of an offence which, in the opinion of the Court of Criminal Appeal, ought never to have been laid at her door. We are equally in the dark as to the underlying causes of a miscarriage of justice which has gravely alarmed the public mind. Who was responsible for this appalling judicial blunder? If Mrs. Gooding did not write the offensive letters, who was the real culprit? What was the new evidence discovered by Inspector Nicholls the character of which was so extraordinary as to convince the Home Secretary that the Criminal law had gone astray? The only possible reason for silence on these points would be that the police are following up important clues and hope before long to arraign the real culprit; but from enquiries on the spot we are convinced that nothing of the kind is in prospect. All sorts of wild rumours are afloat in Littlehampton, but we doubt very much whether any officer of the Sussex police has a glimmering notion of the truth. It is one of those cases in which independent investigation will have to replace the stereotyped methods of Scotland Yard, and for our own part we are determined to leave no circumstances unexplored which may afford a clue to this baffling mystery. As a beginning, we are prepared to pay the sum of £100 to any person who will furnish us with information leading to the discovery of the real writer of the abusive letters with the authorship of which Mrs. Gooding has been charged, and we shall hope before long to be able to let a little daylight into this mysterious affair. Such information will be received in entire confidence and used with the utmost discretion, for the sole purpose of finally clearing Mrs. Gooding's reputation by exposing the person in whose stead she was punished. It is unthinkable that the matter should be left where it is. If the police cannot protect innocent people from false charges, and bring home responsibility to the true authors of criminal deeds, there will be no more security for life or liberty within the realm. The case of Mrs. Gooding differs from that of Adolf Beck in that there is no feasible explanation of the fatal mistake that has been made.

Victim of a Conspiracy.

In the Beck affair confusion of identity was responsible for the blunder that sent an innocent man to prison, but in Mrs. Gooding's trial no question of the kind arose. It is possible that she was the victim of a vile conspiracy having its roots in envy and recking nothing of consequences in the effort to compass her downfall. If so, the truth must be made known so that others may be warned and the cause of justice prevail. It behoves every good citizen to safeguard the administration of the law. Our jurisprudence is the admiration of the rest of the civilized world; not least among its humane manifestations is the establishment of the Court of Criminal Appeal—a tribunal which is without a compeer in any other country. It is in no cavilling spirit that we call upon the Powers-That-Be to lose no time in prosecuting the most vigorous investigation of this mysterious case. Without the bringing to justice of the *real* criminal the public mind will not be at rest.

A TREACHEROUS TEACHER.

FRUSTRATED BY BRITISH SCHOOLBOYS' LOYALTY.

An incident of almost incredible character lately occurred in one of the secondary schools of the City of Bradford. The German language is one of the subjects in the school curriculum. We will not debate the point as to whether it is desirable in the interest of civilisation to spread a knowledge of the speech of a people who, during the past few years, have proved themselves wanting in honesty, decency, and all the higher principles of humanity. Our thoughts on this subject are probably sufficiently well-known. But if German *must* be taught in our secondary schools, let it at least be taught with decent discretion. The scholars of the school mentioned were asked to sing the arrogant and swashbuckling German anthem, "Deutschland uber Alles"—and flatly refused. On another occasion they were desired to sing, "The Watch on the Rhine," and responded by rendering "God Save the King." We honour those boys and reprobate the teacher who tempted them to disavow their loyalty. It is now important to know what the Education Committee of the Bradford City Council intend to do with regard to their disloyal employee.

CONSULAR COURTESY.

GRATUITOUS RUDENESS OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.

One of the chief duties of British Consuls—honoured more often, we fear, in the breach than in the observance—is to advise, and, when necessary, to assist British subjects abroad who find themselves in any sort of difficulty. That is one of the reasons why they are appointed to their posts, and one of the things they are paid for. But when a respectable Englishman, being stranded in Buffalo, U.S.A., wishing to work his passage home to his wife—but not knowing how to set about it as he was unacquainted with the steamship companies—wrote to the British Consul at New York, asking, not for money, but for advice, he received the following cool communication, signed R. J. Robinson, Acting Vice-Consul: "Please note that your application should be made direct to the Steamship Companies operating transatlantic vessels, and not to this Consulate, which is not an employment agency." The final phrase was couched in the worst of taste, and is utterly unworthy of an official representative of the British Government. We have long pressed for a thorough overhauling of the Consular Service. It seems even more urgently needed than we had imagined.

"NO FLOWERS."

ARBITRARY ACTION OF A SOMERSET RECTOR.

For three years Nurse Ash fulfilled the duties of District Nurse in the parish of Portscatho, Cornwall, and during that time made many friends. For reasons unnecessary to state, she left Portscatho and took over a district at Mells, near Frome, Somerset. It proved a fatal step. When bathing one day she got out of her depth and was drowned. Her friends at Portscatho naturally desired to record their grief and affection for her. They bought an artificial wreath, to the value of £4, and forwarded it to the Secretary of the Mells Nursing Association, with the request that it should be placed on her grave. A fortnight later a brief note, written on a torn half sheet of notepaper, was received from the Rev. E. D. Lear, Rector of Mells, flatly refusing to admit artificial wreaths to the churchyard. We cannot characterise his action as other than arbitrary. His personal tastes may be averse from the kind of memorial mentioned, and he may be strictly within his legal rights in excluding them from the churchyard. But to prevent surviving friends from honouring the dead in the best way within their means suggests a lack of Christian charity.

Don't forget to take SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED on your holidays.

A FINE LADY WITHOUT MERCY.

PERSECUTING AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD INVALID.

We are accustomed from time to time to receive tales of snobbish squirearchy and oppression of the poor from out-of-the-way corners of Merrie England, but we must confess to a feeling of more than ordinary disgust and indignation at a story which reaches us from Hampshire. At Crofton House, near Titchfield, Fareham, resides a Mrs. Rosina Geraldine Compton Boyd, widow of the late Colonel Boyd. Until recently a small cottage on her estate was tenanted by a worthy old couple, Horatio Yearsley, aged eighty, and his wife, who paid a matter of about five shillings weekly rent. Two years ago Mrs. Boyd informed the old fellow that she had received an offer of twelve shillings a week for the cottage, and that he must get out. As he could not at the time find another dwelling, he remained where he was, Mrs. Boyd making an unsuccessful attempt to get an Eviction Order from the Fareham Magistrates. Then the vials of the lady's wrath were opened, and she commenced a species of persecution of the old man in a series of letters which transcend in their spleen anything we have seen for a long time. In one, delivered by a page-boy, informing her tenant of other cottages available near by, she said: "Surely it would be pleasanter to live elsewhere, where you are not loathed and detested as you are here!" That was mild. Later she wrote: "There is no shame in the creatures that feast on others. They have to be put up with like other vermin." In March of this year this polite letter-writer again haled the old man before the Fareham Magistrates and demanded possession, but the case was adjourned *sine die*. Mrs. Boyd then appealed to the Ministry of Agriculture, and by this means obtained an Ejectment Order, Yearsley being given twenty-one days to quit. The poor old chap, who is suffering from a painful malady, had before this was done been forbidden by Mrs. Boyd to obtain water from his usual source of supply, and was compelled to go some distance to farm buildings for his daily wants. We are glad to know that he has now been accommodated in a small cottage kindly granted him by a local gentleman, where he is less likely to find his grey hairs brought in sorrow to the grave.

AWAITING THE AMBULANCE.

TRAGIC MUDDLES AND DELAYS AT HANLEY.

At a quarter past ten one very hot morning recently, a middle-aged man, named James Adams, collapsed in a street at Hanley, Staffordshire. He was carried into a house close by, and an urgent message was sent to the police station, some 300 yards away. It took ten minutes for four constables to arrive on the scene, without the ambulance, which was unaccountably missing—but twenty minutes later the Fire Brigade, with the motor fire engine, dashed up, summoned by some busy body who saw the crowd collected outside the house and imagined a fire had occurred. But still no ambulance, nor did one arrive until another hour had elapsed, and that was one "loaned" from Burslem, three miles away! It came too late, for the man was dead; and though, of course, it is possible that his life could not have been saved in any case, the muddle and inefficiency certainly deprived him of the faint chance of recovery which might have been afforded by immediate and expert treatment. The strange thing is that the police do not seem to have been censured for their dilatoriness, or for the unaccountable absence of the ambulance, which, in the case of an ordinary accident, might have been directly responsible for a fatal result!

LEGAL PRUSSIANISM.

HARD CASE OF DANISH MERCHANT.

When the Great War had run its course for little over a year, and when the slogan of our politicians was still "Business as Usual," a Mr. Julius Lassen journeyed to this country from Denmark, at the express invitation of a British firm, in order to put through a large export commission. Unfortunately, immediately on his arrival at King's Cross, London, he was arrested as a suspect agent of Germany and at once taken to Scotland Yard, where he was detained for four days and, it is alleged, subjected to the most unwarranted indignities prior to his ultimate removal to Wandsworth Prison. Despite his protests and the fact that legally he was an innocent man, the treatment meted to him was on an exact par with that accorded to a convicted felon. Caged in a narrow cell—the only amenities of which were a wooden stool and, as bed, four boards on the stone floor—for eleven weeks he was "fed" as follows: in the morning, a cup of watery cocoa and a roll of brown bread; for dinner, a roll of brown bread, a tin containing "soup," and a little salt. At four o'clock came the last meal of the day, in all respects exactly like the first. After three months of misery, Mr. Lassen, handcuffed, was taken for trial to the Westminster Guildhall, where a court-martial found that he was an innocent man and ordered his release. When he left a free man, it was to find his business connection ruined, owing to the altered policy of the Government during his incarceration. His legal defence, as too often is the case, had swallowed up his available resources, and the whole unfortunate affair has cost him well over £500 in actual cash—apart altogether from the more serious affection of health and eyesight, directly attributable to his imprisonment while awaiting trial before a British Court. That he should have been arrested at all is regrettable, but possibly excusable. That he should, whilst yet unjudged, have been imprisoned in the vilest of surroundings for over eleven weeks is absolutely inexcusable, and the whole circumstances call for drastic inquiry on the part of the authorities responsible. Of recent days public opinion has been gravely exercised over more than one instance of Prussian principles at work within the British legal system, and this is but another link in the vast chain of evidence which reveals even more clearly that it is high time that system were thoroughly overhauled and our legal house set in order. Meantime, and until the dawn of that day when the law will give what the law has taken away, it would be not only an "act of grace," but an act of justice were some compensation given by the authorities to the innocent victims of legal toils. After all, they have suffered, though found innocent.

RESULT OF OUR SEVENTH CRICKET COMPETITION.

In the above competition no competitor succeeded in sending a coupon with the correct results of the ten matches played July 16th-22nd.

The following 10 competitors each sent a coupon with one error, and therefore divided the prize of £250, each receiving the sum of £25:—

T. Duke, 89, Tadcaster Road, Sheffield; C. E. Finch, 81, Crete Street, Oldham; J. Garnett, 224, Maine Road, Moss Side, Manchester; A. Hiscock, Perranwell Station, Cornwall; W. Hogsden, 24, East Street, Epsom; J. Johnston, 1, Vane Villas, Sherburn Road, Durham; G. Lawton, 51, Somers Road, Walthamstow, E.17; M. O'Connell, 43, Eccles Street, Dublin; G. Thomson, Broomknowe, Meikle Earnock, by Hamilton, Lanarkshire; G. Worland, 2, Water Lane, Melbourn, Cambs.

THE "GENERAL" FAVOURITE.

ADORED by a grateful nation—triumphant over all by virtue of superior qualities—SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE—the "leading" sweetmeat—is capturing thousands of devoted admirers daily on every sea-front, and in every other place where joy and happiness is sought. Pure and wholesome, with a flavour that wins favour—every time.

8d. Per ½ lb.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 tins.

If unobtainable in your district kindly send postcard giving name of your confectioner.

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., MAIDSTONE.
The largest Manufacturers of Toffee in the World.

"It Speaks for Itself."

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

MOSQUITOS

Danger lurks in every mosquito and insect bite—blood poisoning. Apply POND'S EXTRACT—just a drop—and the danger is entirely past. Pond's is a safe but powerful antiseptic which destroys all germs, heals all sores, and soothes all pain and irritation. In summer-time with summer pests, for comfort's sake—use Pond's.

Pond's has been famous for 75 years as the reliable household remedy for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Feet, Stiffness, Piles, Eczema, Varicose Veins—and a hundred and one other complaints. Get that bottle NOW.

Of all Chemists 2/6, or for P.O. direct to the manufacturers.

POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.—The sovereign remedy for Piles, Bunions, Corns, Rough Skin, etc. In jars, 1/9 and 3/-

POND'S ANTISEPTIC CREAM.—Invaluable in all Skin Affections, and for Nasal Catarrh, Neuralgia, etc. In jars, 1/9 and 3/-

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 117), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Pond's Extract The Old Family Doctor

A SHAMEFUL HOUSING SCANDAL.

TARPAULIN SHELTERS TWENTY-SEVEN PERSONS IN A PECKHAM YARD!

IT is a long way from the deserts of Mesopotamia to the backyards of Chadwick Road, Peckham, S.E., yet, as we shall presently show, the two are linked by an indivisible chain of cause and effect. First, let us see what is happening at Peckham. In this overcrowded London suburb the housing problem is painfully acute, and within the last week or two the bounds of decency have been passed, the scenes witnessed being a reproach to our civilisation and a cynical commentary upon the famous pledge of the Prime Minister that this land of ours should be made "fit for heroes to live in." We have in our possession a photograph of the principal victims, a group of decent-looking citizens, sturdy men and comely women, mothers with their children—a typical selection of the best of our working class population. These good folks are literally homeless. For three weeks they have been "housed" beneath the meagre shelter of tarpaulins stretched from wall to wall of a disused brewery yard, and under these appalling conditions have been struggling to preserve the decencies of life, to ward off the attacks of illness and keep alive a glimmer of hope for the future. Only the exceptional weather conditions recently prevailing have made it possible for this scandal to endure so long. With no roof but a canvas sheet, four separate families, including a dozen children of tender years, are herded together in indescribable confusion for want of the "homes for heroes," the promise of which has deluded our hopes for so many weary months.

Waste and Muddle.

Similar, if less appalling, conditions exist elsewhere. But it may be well to concentrate upon these disgraceful scenes at Peckham before which every decent citizen must stand ashamed. Here, within a few miles of the perjured walls of St. Stephen's, we have whole families—men, women and children—bereft of the meanest shelter, nakedly exposed to the elements in the heart of a civilised land. It is an unparalleled spectacle which calls for the most thorough investigation. On the strength of this episode alone the Government stands condemned in relation to its housing record, and it is hard to know what excuse can be pleaded in extenuation of a policy that has been attended by such dire results. It is beside the mark to prate of "economy" when in the heart of suburban London we have conditions existing that make decent home life impossible and in the midst of peace revive the worst hardships of war. Economy, forsooth! What about the £100,000,000 we frittered away in Russia? What about the £100,000,000 buried for ever beneath the wastes of Mesopotamia? Nor is it entirely or mainly a question of finance. If at the Armistice the private building industry had been freed from the hampering influence of State control, there would have been a different tale to tell.

Persecuted Tenants.

The Peckham "squatters" have had a bitter experience, being driven from pillar to post in their search for settled accommodation. Several of the men served with the Colours and are in receipt of small Army pensions, in addition to such wages as they are able to earn. Most of them, it appears, are in more or less regular employment, and until recently they were in occupation of a large disused house adjacent to the brewery, from which, a claim to possession arising on the part of the owners, they were ejected by order of the Camberwell Magistrates. Exactly how the Justices satisfied their consciences in regard to "alternative accommodation" we are unable to say. There is not a tenantable working class house to be had in the Peckham district for love or money. Confronted with this tragedy of homelessness the Camberwell Borough Council, to whom an appeal was made, could find nothing better to say than that the workhouse doors were open for all who cared to enter. This callous suggestion elicited an indignant protest from an ex-soldier couched in terms that will command universal sympathy. "We refuse," he exclaimed, "to be separated from our wives and children. I fought for life and liberty, and not for my wife and children to go behind big walls." Finally the Council decided that, as the homeless families were "not creating a nuisance," they might be left where they were for the present, and meanwhile the Housing Committee were instructed "to earmark the first houses available for their occupation." Until then four men with their wives and seventeen children must make the best of their dust-swept tarpaulin lodging in the brewery backyard. If in the meantime the weather changed and the children caught heavy chills or died from exposure, these afflictions must be regarded, we suppose, as suitable penalties for people who were stupid or obstinate enough to decline the genial hospitality of the Poor Law Union. A thunderstorm which might demolish their frail shelter and leave them at the naked mercy of the elements would, of course, be an "act of God" for which neither the Camberwell Borough Council nor any other more exalted authority could accept responsibility. Such little mishaps, should they come, must be taken in a philosophic spirit; other people's misfortunes it is easy to bear. At any rate, the Borough Council could do no more.

An Unanswerable Plea.

However, the tenants of the brewery yard have made a proposal which ought immediately to be acted upon by the responsible authorities. They ask that an Army hut shall be erected on a piece of waste land adjoining their present shelter, and for this they are willing to pay an adequate rental until such times as more permanent accommodation can be found. The proposal is an entirely reasonable one, and in declining it the Camberwell Borough Council have assumed a responsibility that few municipalities would choose to share. Failing suitable action on the part of the Local Authority, it is for the Government to take such steps as will meet the wishes of the dispossessed tenants and relieve the worst hardships of their situation. One word of warning. The apathy and indifference which permits these housing scandals to continue is a prime agent in fostering the spread of revolutionary principles. The path of wisdom is to leave Mesopotamia and Palestine to the Arabs, and make this country a decent place for those who "did their bit" in the black years we are trying to forget.

THE GRAVES IN GALLIPOLI.

ARE THEY SAFE FROM OFFICIAL VANDALISM?

We have before us a communication from an anxious relative who has a brother buried at Salonika. A marble cross was erected over his grave by his comrades, and our correspondent was astonished to receive recently from the War Graves Department a letter asking him if he desired it to be removed. He at once indignantly, and in very plain language, informed them that he did not. How anyone in his right senses could for one moment imagine that any relative would wish such a memorial to be taken away passes comprehension. He naturally now feels very anxious on the subject, for he sees nothing to prevent the memorial being removed without his knowledge and sold to some Greek mason. If monuments can disappear from graveyards in France, there is little security for memorials erected, often at very great expense, in cemeteries in far off lands which it is impossible for relatives to visit, and no one will believe that costly monuments are removed and thrown away when they have a marketable value, shocking as such a ghoulish act of vandalism would be. Regard for the feelings of relatives, no less than the respect due to those who gave their lives for their country, demands that our heroes' graves shall be preserved inviolate.

EDMONTON VICAR'S SAD PLIGHT.

WHERE ARE THE WEALTHY WORSHIPPERS?

It is a sad reflection on our vaunted Christianity when a clergyman of the Church of England has a story to tell such as that related by the Vicar of St. John's, Upper Edmonton, to a Press representative. This worthy man—for there is nothing alleged against his character—had the misfortune three years ago to become bankrupt, and the living, valued at £334 per annum, was sequestrated. As the result, his stipend was reduced to £17 4s. a month, the balance going to his creditors. Being unable to carry on with this meagre allowance his rates got in arrear, and, his wife falling ill, he was forced to dispose of his library, his gold watch and chain and other belongings in order to afford her the necessary medical aid. From January 1st to July 31st all he received was £133, and with his wife's illness costing him £150 his prospects of meeting the claim for rates and taxes is hopeless. Worst of all, his wife has to go without such things as are necessary to a suffering woman. So he is struggling on with a brave heart, hoping for better days to come. If there are any wealthy worshippers at St. John's who possess an atom of Christian charity in their composition, better days will come. It is up to them to do the right thing.

"THE LIMIT"!

CHARS-A-BANCS COMPELLED TO CRAWL.

In the popular touring districts round about Weare, Winscombe, and Cheddar, systematic persecution of the proprietors and drivers of motor chars-à-bancs is being actively prosecuted by the Somersetshire police. Seventeen unlucky drivers and proprietors have recently been brought before the Axbridge Magistrates and each fined £5, with a further £5 5s. for the prosecuting counsel's fee, and, of course, their own legal expenses in addition. In no case was there any suggestion of "road-hogging." The Town Clerk of Bristol, and others, testified to the care and experience of the drivers. Nevertheless, the Justices insisted on upholding the letter of the law, which fixes a maximum of 12 miles an hour, and the persecution is being continued, apparently with full approval of the Minister of Transport, who has said that, pending the Report of the Departmental Committee, "the existing law will have to be obeyed." And this, despite the fact that the other day he was himself fined for dangerous driving—£3, with £1 1s. costs, the speed being no less than 40 miles an hour! The injustice is the greater in consideration of the enormous tax now levied on these chars-à-bancs, increased last year from £4 to £60, and the fact that they are mainly owned and run by ex-Service men

TALE OF A TRUST.

SMITH'S POOR KINDRED BADLY BOTHERED.

If Alderman Smith could collect his bones together and walk out of his grave in Wandsworth Parish Church, he would have an unlovely row with his Trustees. This worthy departed life in 1627, having laid up much treasure on earth. Most of it he left to found charitable trusts. In this connection his Trustees of 1641 assigned for the relief of what Smith called his "poor kindred" a parcel of land in Kensington now worth over £10,000 in annual income. Under an Order of the Court of Chancery, the children of the "poor kindred" are entitled, among other things, to the payment of fees for "general or technical education." That's the Trust. Where's the money? Whoever gets it, the children of the "poor kindred" don't. When application is made for payment of educational fees on their behalf, the noble lords and distinguished gentlemen who constitute Smith's Trustees at the present moment sit up to take notice. They say they will see 'em bothered first, or words to that effect. And said Trustees, headed by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lord Middleton, Lord Ashcombe, Lord Hylton, the Earl of Lovelace, the Earl of Chichester, Earl Winterton, and Viscount Goschen, don't seem to worry themselves enough about it to make any difference. How often, we should like to know, do their Lordships and their colleagues meet to do the business of the Trust? Again, what right have the Trustees to refuse to pay what the Court of Chancery has sanctioned and ordered? What is quite unmistakably evident is that the children of the "poor kindred" will not get their educational fees paid until Smith's aristocratic Trustees are made to pay them.

THREE MILLION POUNDS MISSING.

EX-SERVICE MEN'S MONEY FRITTERED AWAY.

The long-awaited Report of the Parliamentary Committee appointed to decide as to the allocation of the profits of the Expeditionary Force Canteens has now been published, and we are sorry to find that it only confirms the fears we have repeatedly expressed, that vast sums of ex-Service men's money have vanished into thin air. It will be remembered that the total profits of the Expeditionary Force Canteens amounted to over ten million pounds, and it must not be forgotten that practically the whole of this was extracted from the pockets of the fighting men in the field, by the needlessly high prices charged in the Canteens. It was supposed to be transferred to the United Services Fund, under the presidency of Lord Byng, a well-trusted and tried friend of ex-Service men. According to the Report of the Committee, a little over three million pounds has already been received by the Fund, and they now announce that the total sum to be handed over, including this three millions, will not be less than seven million pounds. What, then, has become of the remaining three millions? It would appear to have been frittered away by the Navy and Army Canteens Board, which took over the business of the Expeditionary Force Canteens in 1919, and carried it on during demobilisation. Says the Committee's Report: "There appears to be no doubt that considerable losses have been incurred." We have repeatedly called for the publication of the Expeditionary Force Canteens' accounts for the whole period of its existence. The Committee now recommend that an account of these losses should be given by a balance-sheet. Meanwhile, we should like to know if ex-Service men are to lose permanently this huge sum, of which they stand in such great need, and which is theirs by right.

SAINTS WANTED AT ST. AUSTELL.

PETTIFOGGING RESTRICTIONS IN HOUSING SCHEME.

We forget for the moment the exact number of Cornishmen who wanted to know the reason why a certain Trelawney should die, but it cannot have been much greater than the number who want to know why the St. Austell Rural Council cannot put through a housing scheme without formulating rules and regulations with which only saints and angels could be expected to comply. This local authority has a fairly extensive scheme in hand, but prospective tenants are plunged into a condition of excusable uncertainty as to the advantages of having the Council as a landlord by a formidable looking document containing as many as seventeen Regulations and Conditions of Tenancy. No tenant will be permitted to underlet, or take in lodgers, without obtaining the previous consent of the Council, a regulation which is bound to involve an inquisitorial supervision of domestic arrangements which would be intolerable. No fowls, doves, pigeons, pigs or other animals shall be kept on the premises without the previous consent of the Council, so presumably a tenant who wishes to solace his loneliness with a dog or cat, or even a harmless canary, must first rush off to the Council Offices for permission. Tenants are warned that they must at all times keep the houses and bedding clean and free from vermin, so that it will presumably be a crime to miss catching a flea if one should hop on to the pillow. It is unnecessary to examine further this farrago of nonsense. The only wonder is that there is no stipulation as to what time lights shall be put out, and how often tenants must wash their tootsies. The St. Austell Council will have to find a little commonsense and scrap these ridiculous regulations before there is any rush for their precious houses. Most people will prefer to wait for mansions in heaven.

"A SPIRIT ENTOMBED."

PATHETIC PLIGHT OF A SUFFERING GIRL.

Eighteen months ago we brought to the notice of our readers the piteous plight of a young Camberwell girl who, for eighteen years, has dragged out a life of ceaseless torture and hopeless despair. It will be remembered that we were instrumental, through our "Greatest of These" Fund, in supplying the necessities of existence as she was on the eve of re-entry into hospital for still another of the countless operations she has undergone since childhood. The poor girl is once again discharged—not cured, but a thousand-fold the worse for her treatment! Fourteen times in these dark months has the knife of the surgeon cut and pared at that frail body—until to-day, in addition to her other infirmities, she knows herself as repellent even to the casual passer-by in the street. For in her throat there are two gaping apertures, each the size of a shilling. From these depend two nauseous-looking tubes. Twice a week these must be removed under skilled supervision, cleaned and re-inserted, the while this girl gasps for very breath. There is no father. The strain is too great for the widowed mother. Employment is out of the question. Pent up within four narrow walls in Camberwell, she watches grey dawn succeed to hopeless night. There is no hope. Elsewhere it is Summer and holiday-time. And that is where *you*, reader, and we come in. We may be unable to cure, but we can do *something*. Let us return nature's plaything to the bosom of nature. There, perhaps, in that still, sweet communion of tree, flower and field, so welcomed by us all, she may still find that peace which hitherto her tragic life has never tasted. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

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THE GREAT WAKEFORD MEETING.

AMAZING DEMONSTRATION IN SUPPORT OF THE ROOT PRINCIPLES OF BRITISH JUSTICE.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY (*Assistant Editor*).

I HAVE attended many fine meetings at the Queen's Hall, but never one which satisfied my expectations so completely as did the wonderful gathering on Thursday evening last, when the great auditorium was packed from floor to ceiling with an audience whose demeanour was a portent and a revelation. As I walked on to the platform I was struck by the amazing warmth of the tribute accorded to Archdeacon Wakeford, whose entry was the signal for a demonstration in which the vast crowd was lifted to its feet in a torrent of sustained applause. It was as though the pent-up feelings of months had at length found expression, and men and women who regarded the Archdeacon as an injured man resting under the obloquy of an unjust charge, eagerly seized the opportunity of assuring him that the Supreme Court of Public Opinion had never adjudged him guilty of the offence laid at his door. There was renewed applause when from the Chair I was able to announce the receipt of innumerable letters of apology for absence from men and women of all shades of opinion, not only in the Church of England, but among the leading Nonconformist bodies. The presence on the platform of a well-known Baptist Minister lent force to this observation, and from the temper of the audience it was soon apparent that in the hour of adversity Archdeacon Wakeford had vastly widened the circle of his friends.

Fiat Justitia.

I think I touched the heart of the great audience when, in a few brief introductory remarks, I endeavoured to make it clear that the purpose of the meeting, as I saw it, was not so much to defend the character of an individual clergyman, as to reaffirm in accents that could not be mistaken that inviolable principle of the English Common Law, that a man is to be presumed innocent until beyond all reasonable doubt his guilt has been proved. It was because, in the opinion of the Editor of John Bull, this elementary canon of justice had not been satisfied that the Queen's Hall meeting had been convened, to give the London public an opportunity of hearing from the lips of Archdeacon Wakeford a statement in his own defence, which, but for the fatal handicap under which he laboured through the absence of an essential witness, would in all likelihood have procured his acquittal at the hands of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The announcement that this distinguished clergyman desired nothing better than to be tried by his peers, the common citizens of the realm, was received with tumultuous enthusiasm, and as Archdeacon Wakeford rose to address the audience he once again received an ovation that will live in the memory of those who heard it for many years to come.

The Archdeacon's Speech.

It was a wonderful speech, as remarkable for its restraints as for its occasional freedom of expression. Perhaps what struck me chiefly was the absence of the note of self-pity and the remarkable detachment which enabled the speaker, smarting from a sentence that has denuded him of his livelihood and robbed him of his position in the Church, to regard his case not in the light of a personal grievance, but from the standpoint of public justice. The situation was an extraordinary one. Here was a man who, if his conviction was just, was a hypocrite of the deepest dye, a liar of the first magnitude, a charlatan of the most contemptible order. Yet as he unfolded his defence before this great London audience, no single precaution having been taken to exclude opposition, there was not a hint of dissent, not a murmur of hostility, not a voice raised in protest. Occasionally, it is true, the excessive enthusiasm of the Archdeacon's supporters threatened to disturb the even tenour of the speech, but in so far as it is a Chairman's duty to preserve order, my task was singularly light. Once the audience was settled, the stewards might have gone home to their beds. Before the meeting a little anxiety had been expressed lest the untried experiment of introducing a film story into a meeting of this kind should raise a crop of unforeseen difficulties. But not a hitch occurred when, at the conclusion of the Archdeacon's address, the cinema people took charge of the hall. The film version of the Wakeford drama, produced by the Gaumont Company, Ltd., is a fascinating production, and upon its release throughout the country within the next few days will, no doubt, be widely patronised. It is a tribute to its efficacy as an engine of truth that at its close the vast Queen's Hall audience, with trifling exceptions, waited in their seats to pass the following resolution :—"That this meeting, having heard the speech of ex-Archdeacon Wakeford, is of opinion that since his condemnation was pronounced by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council important new circumstances have arisen, making it imperative in the interests of justice that the case should be re-opened." Unconventionally the motion was carried, first by acclamation and, afterwards, by a show of hands. Against it not a single hand was raised, while my promise, since carried out, that this unanimous vote should be conveyed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor, was received with fresh torrents of applause.

The Next Step.

As Chairman of the meeting, I wish to tender my personal apologies to the many who were unable to obtain admission to the Queen's Hall. In the circumstances, it was inevitable that the demand for seats should far exceed the available accommodation, and I am not without hope that before long we may have an announcement to make which will go far to cure the disappointment of those who were turned away. Personally, I have no intention of dropping the case or relaxing my efforts on behalf of a man whose unquenchable courage in the dark hours remains the predominant impression of the wonderful meeting at the Queen's Hall.

COMIC ECONOMY.

GUARDIANS SAVE TWO SHILLINGS A WEEK!

The Thanet Board of Guardians recently had an agricultural worker in their employ whose services were valuable. Forced to vacate his home, they offered him one of the Council houses at a rental of 10s. more than he had been paying. He was willing to take the place, but as he was doing so to suit the Guardians he applied for an increase of salary to meet the rent. The Finance Committee gravely pondered this, and after a lengthy session recommended an extra 5s., but frugally insisted that this sum was to be reduced if the rent were ever lowered. A Mr. Fright justified his name by a careful protest, and moved that the amount be reduced to 3s. He was ably supported by one Pemble, who moaned that they were heading for bankruptcy. In the end, these prophets of evil prevailed, and the valuable agricultural servant was voted three whole shillings per week to meet the additional 10s. he was incurring on their behalf. Having fought the good fight and guarded the public purse from the horrific raid made upon it, the heartiest sympathy must be tendered these worthy gents for having to listen, in their exhausted condition, to a letter touching the decision of the Ministry of Health not to allow their expenses when visiting Health Conferences. Mean treatment after having saved two shillings a week!

"COWARDS AND SKULKS."

SHAMELESS SHIRKING AT WESTWARD HO.

Willie and Augustus Goodwin were bathing with Oscar Gard and Warren Smith, two other boys at Westward Ho, when, discovering that the current was taking them out to sea. Willie Goodwin instinctively made for the beach. The others were soon struggling for their lives in the water, several "men" stood and watched them with cowardly callousness until they sank out of human sight. It was nothing to do with them, one of the onlookers remarked, and advised Augustus Goodwin to go for the Coastguard, who "waded out as far as he could, and then swam and dived, but could not find the boys." When the Coastguard asked one of the bystanders why he had not gone in, he "did not reply." In his summing-up, the Coroner did not spare these people, who had watched the tragedy as if it were a scene at the pictures. "Their conduct," he said, "is that of the worst kind of coward and skulk it is possible to conceive." We agree with him. Coastguard Mortimore seems to have been the only man among them. By the way, it is a serious oversight on the part of the local authority not to fix lifebuoys at intervals along the beach. More than ever is it up to them to remedy the defect now they know Westward Ho, to be so picturesque in cowardice.

ROBBED BY "REVISION."

SUDDEN DISCOVERIES OF "ERRONEOUS AWARDS."

The Ministry of Pensions having been found guilty of gross slackness in awarding excessive pensions to individuals insufficiently qualified, frantically seizes the slightest excuse for paring down the already meagre allowances to really necessitous cases. A typical instance is that of a young journalist. Strong as a bullock, sound in wind and limb, he volunteered in 1914, when weaklings were rejected wholesale, and neurasthenics turned down at sight. Four years later, with constitution shattered, and the benumbing infirmity of traumatic neurasthenia upon him, his condition being stated as "attributable to war service," he was granted 5s. 6d. a week—this being raised six months later to 40 per cent. disability. Struggling on, he slowly climbed the ladder of his profession to a point when he might hope to marry. His small savings being insufficient to provide a home, he wrote the Ministry asking for commutation of his pension. The reply to this reasonable petition was that his case had been reviewed, and instead of his disease being "attributable" to military service, it had only been "aggravated" by it! The Ministry thus refuse to commute, and drop his pension 25 per cent! And similar ghastly errors and injustices are dubbed "revisions of erroneous awards"!

Read Mr. Bottomley's article in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties. and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To Viscount Northcliffe, United States.

My Dear Northcliffe,—I should not bother myself very much, if I were you, about those venomous attacks upon you by the sometimes *very* Little Man from Wales. You know he has a bee in his bonnet, and I am certain that when he is dead a post-mortem would disclose your name engraved on his heart. Of course, you did not say about the King anything so foolish as was reported, and Mr. Lloyd George must have known it. Continue your world-tour, and keep smiling. By the way, how do you like *Sunday Illustrated*—a fine paper, isn't it?

John Bull.

To Mr. Appleton, Rag Merchant Farnborough.

Sir,—In another few minutes, I suppose, you would have stuffed 'em into the rag bag, and the girls would have had to walk through the town in their bathing suits. I think girls who go bathing and forget where they put their clothes ought to confine their natatory exercises to the bath at home. They must have been grateful when you found their silk stockings and things, even if they did prefer you to go away while they put 'em on behind the bushes. Funny creatures, girls, aren't they?

John Bull.

To the Rev. Father Degan, Coalville, Leicestershire.

Dear Father,—The top of the morning to you. I am very glad to notice your strong advocacy of Sunday games. As you say, for young folk especially, Sunday is sometimes Sinday because of puritanical frowning on rational and healthful recreation; "the vacant hour is always the Devil's hour." The good thing for Monday is the good thing for Sunday, and nothing can make it bad—not even the hypocrisy and cant of intolerant pietists.

John Bull.

To Arthur T. Fells, Esq., Weavers Lane, Tooley Street, London.

Sir,—When men have had enough of business it is time to get out of it, but in getting out of it they do not always do as generous a thing by their employees as you have done. Little did they think, when you offered to save their war bonuses for them, that the money would one day provide the nucleus of working capital in running the business for their own benefit, and that whatever more capital was required for the purpose you would lend to them. If they are not grateful for your thoughtful kindness—but, of course, they are!

John Bull.

To Joseph Cawrse Ford, Limpan, St. Neots.

Callous Cad,—Your second name, spelt differently, fits you like a glove. At a Liskeard competition you had a horse which, either frightened or untrained, refused to jump. Under the fierce lash of your hysterical anger, the poor beast made several attempts, but could only fall through a hurdle, breaking a bar—and then, urged at a stone wall, fall on it, knocking it down. The Stewards, disgusted at last, ordered you from the ring, and the Liskeard Magistrates fined you £15 and costs—instead of awarding you six months' hard labour. There are few who would not agree you would be better breaking stones than breaking horses.

John Bull.

To the Rev. J. Alfred Sharp, President, Wesleyan Conference, Middlesbrough.

Dear Mr. President,—You appear to be seeing things as in a glass darkly. You lament the "paganism of the times," and call for the return of the "puritan spirit." Puritanism, however, is out of date. Granted that puritanism, when it flourished, was "not all gloom," it was certainly intolerant, narrow-minded, despotic, canting, and often hypocritical. I do not agree with you that "the idea of God has been shouldered out of life"; your idea and the puritan idea of Him, perhaps. In this, at least, I can agree with you. Human nature is not to be coerced into what is called "goodness." But goodness is not necessarily what you think it is. Many things are good enough for God, sir, which Puritans regard as shocking.

John Bull.

To Sir Donald Maclean, M.P. for Peebles.

Dear Donal',—What is difficult to excuse in so many of you pumpuritans is the habitual distortions, exaggerations and absurdities which characterise your arguments. In the House of Commons, for instance, you argued on the new Licensing Bill that it was impossible to have free trade in drink. "When that was tried in the old days," you said, "the whole conditions were horrible. There were taverns in London where an advertisement was put over the door, 'Drunk for 1d.; Dead drunk for 2d.'" I put it to you, my friend, that no such inscription has been posted by any publican on his premises within the period we agree to call pre-war days; if so, let us have his name and address. Nobody within my memory has been able to get drunk for 1d. or dead drunk for 2d. You are evidently dishing up a legend associated with the days of Noah.

John Bull.

To Sir T. Granger, Judge, Woolwich County Court.

Your Honour,—By extending a helping hand to a poor out-of-work widow, with an invalid son, who was in arrears with her rent, you proved yourself a kindly Judge, a just Judge, and a Judge after my own heart. I hope the £5 you ordered to be paid out of the poor-box towards the arrears of rent to appease the landlord will do so—it should if he is anything of a man. I note, too, that you announced your intention of sending the son, who is suffering from an abscess internally and a wound in his side, to a convalescent home as soon as he is fit—another considerate action that does you credit. I acclaim you an ornament to the Judicial Bench, and wish from the bottom of my heart that there were more Judges of your type.

John Bull.

To the Rev. E. Sayer Ellis Wesleyan Conference, Middlesbrough

Reverend Sir,—It is a pleasure to hear of a Methodist minister sufficiently broadminded to stand up for the principles of individual liberty at a gathering where the odds against him were overwhelming. I note you stated that Prohibition is not fairly and squarely based upon the impregnable rock of Holy Scriptures, and in that I am heartily with you. In admitting that there are millions of sober, decent people who have the right to drink what they like without interference from well-meaning but intolerant busybodies, you displayed a spirit of compromise which those who differ from you would be wise to emulate. You are a true son of temperance, and I raise my glass to you.

John Bull.

To Mr. A. G. Spire, Workhouse Master, Cannock.

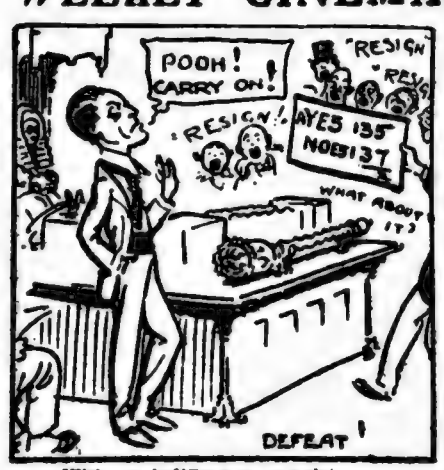
Sir,—At a recent meeting of the Cannock Board of Guardians you reported that an extremely large number of vagrants were passing through the casual wards, and that you and other Workhouse Masters in Staffordshire and Warwickshire had formed the opinion that most of the ex-Service men were imposing on the country. This seems to me an obnoxious charge more easily made than proved; by-and-large, I should say that the country has imposed a great deal more on ex-Service men than they have imposed on the country. Here and there doubtless are men who, having fought our battles, are not over scrupulous as to the way in which they fight their own—but to say that "most" are defrauding their country is surely unwarrantable overstatement.

John Bull.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

We've craved for rain, but should it come
'Twill make the seaside tripper glum;
But let him ponder, though wet through,
The mighty good that it will do.

The wind's direction straws will tell,
And Truth, 'tis said, lives in a well;
The breeze blows fair for Germany—
A bitter "truth" for you and me.



With an indifference complete
Austen accepts a sharp defeat:
Though recommended to resign,
To take that step he does decline.

Resentful mistresses condemn
Mac's plans to interfere with them;
They'll have *no* bureaucratic spies
Taking their household by surprise.

£25,000 must be won—see SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

ATROCIOUS WAR C

Convicted Soldier Declared Innocent after Punish

By THE E

WITHIN the last week or two I have had my attention called to a case which, in some of its aspects, recalls the worst features of the "Shot at Dawn" tragedy, and serves once more to emphasize the need for the radical revision of the Court-Martial system, and the establishment of proper safeguards for those who, as members of His Majesty's Forces, are subject to the provisions of our obsolete military law. The story I have to tell is one of crass and cruel blundering, culminating in the conviction of an innocent man and the serving of a bitter sentence which, as events proved, was wholly undeserved. In the early part of 1920, Daniel Rowe, a young private soldier in the Army Service Corps, was installed as Manager of the Rhine Army Reception Camp Canteen at Cologne. It was not usual to employ so young a man, or one without previous experience of this class of work as Manager of a canteen, but in the Army it does not pay a man to haggle over his job, and, although realising his unfitness for the position, Rowe took over the duties of Manager with an earnest determination to do his best. From the outset, the necessary accounts were a considerable worry to him, and from the way in which the books were kept it must have been evident to his superior officers that Rowe was not the man for the job. Nevertheless, they allowed him to go on, and when on the first stocktaking an unaccountable cash surplus was shown, they promptly relieved him of it and asked no questions. Meanwhile, the poor boy, finding his job too big for him, was getting more distracted every day, and at busy times scarcely knew whether he was on his head or his heels. In such circumstances, serious mistakes were bound to occur, and, if forgetfulness and inaccuracy are crimes, Rowe was guilty. To add unfairness to the position, he was taken off his canteen duties from time to time to attend to other matters at a distance, and on returning to Cologne was held responsible for all that had happened in his absence, while others had been in charge. The upshot of the situation was that at a stocktaking which took place in November, 1920, the accounts showed a deficit of £113 8s. 10d., and as Rowe was unable to furnish a ready excuse for this state of affairs, he was promptly placed under arrest and charged with "fraudulent conversion." So far, no doubt, the military authorities, if a little hasty, were within their rights; and if the subsequent proceedings had been characterised by an elementary regard for the rules of criminal justice, I should not have been disposed to focus the light of publicity upon the circumstances in which Daniel Rowe was tried and condemned. But from the moment of his arrest the poor lad became a victim of the Court-Martial system—most stupid and unjust as it is. Frightened and bewildered, he appears at the critical moment to have had no wiser head to advise him, and upon receiving notice that he was to be tried by a Field General Court-Martial he, for a long time, searched in vain for the services of a "prisoner's friend." Finally, a young officer with some legal training undertook this duty, but, as so often happens, backed out at the last moment, leaving Rowe to shift for himself on the very eve of the trial. At the last moment of the eleventh hour the poor boy found a substitute.

A Disgraceful Trial.

But the time was too short for any adequate statement of defence to be prepared, or for the prisoner's advocate to make himself familiar with the complicated details of a case involving a mass of confused accounts. It is doubtful if the members of the Court-Martial had more than an inkling of the state of affairs at the Rhine Army Reception Camp Canteen, and before long the simple issue of justice as between the prisoner and his accusers became hopelessly confused. If the prisoner had had a clear-headed advocate with a grip of the case, there were a dozen facts that might have been urged in his favour. The charge-sheet, which I have since inspected, was drawn in a most slovenly manner which would never have passed muster in any civilian Court of Justice. To cite a single instance, which is enough to freeze the marrow of a sound criminal lawyer, the prisoner when accused of wrongfully converting goods as distinct from money was charged with the wrongful conversion of goods in general, without even the mention of dates, rather than of particular articles on specified occasions. The fact that he had sometimes been away from the Canteen and at the mercy of substitutes over whom he had no control was slurred over, or never mentioned at all. Indeed, the Court-Martial seems to have proceeded on a principle which times out of number has been condemned by the highest judicial authorities as an utter negation of the bedrock principles of justice. In effect, it demanded that the prisoner should prove his innocence, instead of calling upon the prosecution to establish their case "beyond reasonable doubt." Cruelly handicapped, and frightened out of what few wits he had, Rowe failed in this hopeless attempt. After a trial that is worthy to rank with the most infamous records of the Court-Martial system, he was convicted, and the sentence "promulgated in due course" was six months' hard labour!

Cynical Levity.

If the matter rested here, I should protest with all my strength that this poor boy was unjustly convicted, that he never had a dog's chance to repel the charges against him, and that no civilian Court in the Empire would ever have allowed him to be condemned and punished. Happily, however, this opinion rests upon a far firmer foundation than any individual judgment can afford. With a cynical levity, the War Office have now admitted that the whole episode was a tragic blunder; that Rowe ought never to have been charged, or at least ought never to have been convicted. But before I deal with this astonishing *volte face* on the part of the authorities, let us follow the fortunes of the victim unjustly condemned for a crime he never committed, and doomed to drag out six weary months in a prison cell. The first part of the

Shall equity, which is the pride Of British law, be set aside?

OFFICE BLUNDER.

...ishment—Those Wretched Courts-Martial Again.

...E EDITOR.

sentence was served at Cologne under conditions so severe that "hard labour" became a daily torment, and it was not till four months of misery had been endured that the prisoner for some reason or other was brought across to England and lodged in Dorchester Gaol. Throughout his behaviour was exemplary, although he never ceased to protest his entire innocence of the crime that had been alleged against him; and when finally released, in April of this year, his one determination was to clear his character and win back the right to a clean discharge—without which his position was hopeless. Several months ago, he produced his discharge papers to a representative of this journal, stamped across with the damning words "Discharged for Misconduct," which made it utterly impossible for him to obtain a situation in civil life. And all the time the entry was a monstrous perversion of justice! There had never been a fair trial, never an honest conviction, never anything resembling adequate proof of guilt. Still, for months the War Office preserved an attitude of callous indifference, and only when I—having satisfied myself that the case of Daniel Rowe was another of those terrible Court-Martial blunders that I have made it my business to expose and denounce—took up the cudgels on the boy's behalf and determined to see the matter righted, did the supine authorities in Whitehall bestir themselves and intimate their gracious willingness to have inquiries made.

Amazing Letters.

The result has triumphantly justified my efforts, and proved once again that there is no security for the British soldier while the present Court-Martial system remains. As I write, I have before me an amazing letter from the War Office, addressed to an official of the Navy and Army Canteen Board, which, without permission, I propose to quote in full. It runs:—

War Office, London, S.W.1.
9th July, 1921.

SIR,—I am commanded to inform you that the proceedings of a Field General Court-Martial, held at Cologne, on the 19th November, 1920, for the trial of No. A/45112 Private D. Rowe, Royal Army Service Corps, have been reviewed, and I am to state that investigation of the books of the Canteen shows considerable discrepancies between the figures shown in the accounts and those given in the particulars of the charge and in the evidence before the Court. I am also to state that the accused was not charged with fraudulent conversion of any particular goods, but of goods generally, and that, although considerable latitude is allowed in the framing of charges before the Field General Court-Martial, the accused may have been embarrassed in his defence by the vague and general character of the charge. It was not shown that any particular goods were deficient. In these circumstances, the Secretary of State for War is advised that the conviction cannot stand, and the Army Council direct that all record of such conviction is to be erased from the documents of the accused, who should be relieved from all consequence of his trial. I am to request that you will be so good as to take all necessary action to give effect to the above decision, including the alteration of the accused's discharge documents and certificates, adjustment of pay, and issue of War Medals and gratuity. The discharge on 28th February, 1921, under paragraph 392 (xl.) of the King's Regulations should be cancelled, and accused should now be discharged under paragraph (XXI.) of that paragraph, (*sic*) and to receive pay up to the date on which the new discharge may be carried out by you.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
B. B. CUBITT.

By the same post, Rowe himself was informed of the War Office decision in the following terms:—

War Office, London, S.W.1.
9th July, 1921.

SIR,—With reference to your letter of 21st April last, I am commanded by the Army Council to inform you that it has now been decided that your conviction by Field General Court-Martial at Cologne, on 19th November, 1920, shall be quashed.

The necessary instructions to give effect to this decision and for the consequent adjustment of pay, alteration of discharge documents, and issue of War Medals and gratuity have been issued to the Officer-in-Charge of Records, Royal Army Service Corps, Woolwich Dockyard, with whom you should place yourself in communication on the subject.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
B. B. CUBITT.

Now let us see what the Army Council mean when they say that the victim of this atrocious blunder is to be "relieved from all consequence of his trial." In point of fact, Rowe has been asked to accept an award of £92 17s. 2d. in full satisfaction of all claims upon the War Office—this sum representing the exact amount of the back pay, allowances, and gratuity to which he would have been entitled but for his unjust conviction. And not a penny of compensation for the hardships the poor fellow has suffered through a conviction which even callous officialdom now admits "cannot stand," having been obtained by improper evidence, and upon a charge so loosely drawn as to vitiate the whole proceedings of the Court-Martial! The sum awarded includes not a hint of reparation for the five months spent in gaol and the further months wasted in idleness and poverty through those fatal words upon the discharge paper which the War Office now admits were a travesty of truth. I have taken the responsibility of advising Rowe not to accept this paltry grant, which merely adds insult to injury and makes a cynical jest of his bitter sufferings. It is more than probable that, but for my intervention, this unjust conviction would have been allowed to stand and the boy's life ruined for ever. However, having taken the matter in hand, I intend to see it further, if only out of regard for those thousands of other soldiers of the King who otherwise will lie at the mercy of a cruel and inhuman system which upon every ground stands utterly condemned.

Not so! The Martial Martinet
The higher law must not forget.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

WARWICK ARMSTRONG.

GOO' mornin', guv'ner. Look out! Minjer 'ead'! . . . Wot's the matter? Carn't yer git through the door? Try sideways . . . Blest if that seems to make much diff'rence! 'Ere, let me give you a pull—on'y don't come too sudden. . . . Thet's it. Wot kin I do for yer? . . . *Sharin'?* Right. . . . No, for goodness' sake don't set in thet chair! It ain't none too strong. Try this one—it's gotter reinforced concrete seat an' wrought iron legs. I 'ad it built spesh'lly for men o' your weight. Mister Armstrong, ain't yer? . . . . Ah, I thought so. Seen you on the pieshers orfen enough. I'm surprised you 'aven't bin to see me before, 'avin' bin in England so long. But better late than never—excep' in the matter of winnin' test matches. 'Ow do you like England? . . . . . Wot? *A nice little estate?* 'Ere, we ain't quite so small. Size ain't everythink—although I admit it seems pritty useful to you in cricket. . . . Well, guv'ner, you an' your team 'ave won the rubber again, and I ain't surprised. I still think England plays the finest cricket in the world, but I ain't surprised as you've 'eld on to the Ashes. . . . *You're surprised to 'ear I'm not surprised?* You needn't be. It was a foregorn conclusion thet you'd win, to my mind. Apart from everythink 'avin' bin pritty much in your favour, I reckon it's our own fault, an' we deserve wot we've got. The secret of it is, you know wot team work is. Your side 'ave played together all the time; you know each other's play from A to Z, an' you come over 'ere flushed with your viet'ry against us in Australia. If thet wasn't somethink in your favour I'd like to know what *you* calls it. . . . *Admitted?* I sh'd think so. Now, wot about us? Well, fur my part, I think we ought to 'ave met you with a diff'rent side altogether then thet wot you trounced in Australia. It ain't much good puttin' beaten men up for another beatin'. It don't give them much confidence w'en they start the second time. Thet's *my* idea. I don't meanter suggest they got the wind up, exackly, but they wouldn't take the field or go to the wicket in the 'ighest o' spirits, would they? Then there's another thing. The English side 'aven't 'ad the 'ard team work wot yours 'ad. There was too much messin' about in makin' the selection—droppin' this one out an' pickin' thet one, an' then droppin' '*im* an' pickin' another. Thet ain't the way to git a side wot'll work together to the best advantage. W'en the news of our defeat in Australia reached us, a fresh side ought to 'ave bin picked at once an' 'ave played every first clawss county in England by way of practice before you come over. Then you would 'ave met a team wot would 'ave 'ad the same advantages as yours—long an' 'ard practice together; an' the result might 'ave bin diff'rent. Thet's my idea, any'ow. I may be wrong. But don't you misunderstand me, guv'ner. I don't grudge your viet'ry. The best side won—as it deserved to. We can take a beatin' all right, and I ain't grousin'. But I've a notion things might 'ave bin diff'rent if they'd been done diff'rent—thet's all. . . . Well, guv'ner, 'ow'll thet do? You've gotter nice large face for shavin', an' I've injoyed the job. Good-day, ole man, an' many thanks.

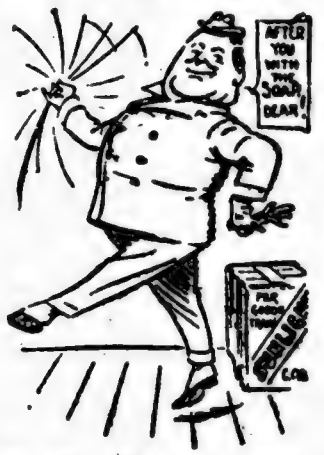
EXTRA TURNS.

BY POLITICAL PATTERERS.

S'R ERIC GEDDES.

If you should wonder who I am,
My name is Eric Geddes;
I am a sort of super-man—
You see the size my head is?
For critics I don't care a damn,
Nor what about me said is:
The fact remains,
I've got the brains—
Because I'm Eric Geddes!

PATTER: Don't talk to me! I'm IT—with a capital I, and no error. I'm the goods! If anybody was to write a story about me they wouldn't call it "Eric, or Little by Little," but "Eric, or Lot by Lot." There's nothing little about me, I give you my word! I'm all very fine and large, as you can see for yourselves. Now, my brother Auckland—but the poor chap's in America, and it isn't up to me to say anything about him behind his back. He's a bit of a don, you know—a bit on the dry-as-dust, professorial side. But I'm practical. I'm the man who gets things done. You wouldn't think I was four years older than Auckland, would you? Ah, but I am. It's the active life I've led. No sitting in a dusty old study for *me*, poring over worm-eaten books. Why, I hadn't long left school before I went lumbering in the Southern States of America! Since then I've been, and done, pretty nearly everything. Why, even Mr. Justice Darling the other day said I had been almost everything except a judge! Take railways. Well, what I don't know about railways nobody knows. I don't know myself, to tell you the truth! I was on railways in America and India. But when I joined the North Eastern I said to meself, Eric, I said, you've struck oil, me lad! And true enough, so I had! When I left the Company at the earnest request of the Government that wanted a MAN, and took on the job of Director-General of Munitions Supplies, I was presented with a cheque for fifty thousand pounds for services rendered to the old firm! No so bad, was it? More than most of you will ever earn in your lives! I'm not saying that I earned it, exactly, but I *got* it! After that lots of Government posts came my way, from that of Director-General of Military Railways to Minister of Transport, not to speak of being made a Vice-Admiral. You should see me in my cocked hat! I don't half look a jolly sea-dog. What? Shiver me timbers if I don't! What exactly I shall do when the railways are decontrolled I don't quite know. I understand Lord Leverhulme is trying to find a super-man—to run his Macfisheries, I suppose. I'm not sure whether I shall apply for the job or not. Of course, I've only to apply for it, and nobody else would stand an earthly;



For I can do whate'er I wish
(My name is Eric Geddes),
From running trains to selling fish—
Well, see the size my head is!
For critics I don't care a toss,
Nor what about me said is:
The fact remains,
I've got the brains—
Because I'm Eric Geddes!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of each item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"UNION JACK LIBRARY":—"The furniture was knocked about LIKE FEATHERS, CRASHING everywhere."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"The riding of FRANK BULLOCK calls for more comment than the running of any of the OTHER ANIMALS."

"BOY'S CINEMA":—"He began to press the fighting, taking step after step, slowly and methodically going forward and FACING Gonzales BACKWARD."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND LIBRARY":—"It made a marvellous change—in fact, any one who SAW HER FOR THE FIRST TIME SCARCELY RECOGNISED HER."

"NUGGET LIBRARY":—"Nipper's quick EYE PICKED UP A WEDGE-SHAPED PIECE OF STONE."

"IRISH TIMES":—"Dressmakers appear to be aiming at a COMPROMISE between the EXTREME SHORT SKIRTS of former days and the REMARKABLY ABBREVIATED ONES WHICH HAVE BEEN MORE FAMILIAR OF LATE."

"DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—"Holiday Picnics . . . Here are the articles to take with you; THEY MAKE DELIGHTFUL MEALS:—THERMOS FLASKS, DRINKING TUMBLERS, SMALL COOKERS, etc."

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL":—"Mme. ——— ———'s DIAMOND EARRINGS TWINKLING DOWN HER BLACK NINON SHOULDERS."

"WESTERN GAZETTE":—"The Coroner . . . said he wished . . . to express SINCERE SYMPATHY WITH THE UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY WHO HAD LOST HER LIFE."

"DAILY MAIL" (advertisement):—"1,500 pairs of Superfine BLACK Cashmere Half Hose in GREY, SAXE, SMOKE, NIGGER, NAVY and CHAMPAGNE."

"PUCK":—"'Poor mother,'" said Jeff, with a catch in his voice, and EARS IN HIS EYES."

"SOUTHEND STANDARD":—"'I WAS SLEEPING, so I am not to blame for WHAT I HEARD,' Betty said."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

Many people think that advertising increases the cost of an article; in reality, it creates so great a demand that the cost is reduced—for instance, on the cover there is an advertisement of Black Cat Cigarettes, offering free gifts in exchange for front panels; this would not be possible but for the great demand for these cigarettes which the advertising creates. The firm are able to speed up manufacture to such an extent as to make the profit large enough to enable them to give still better value through their Free Gifts Scheme, and yet sell an excellent cigarette at a very low cost. Write for their Gift Catalogue, which will interest you.

The Scholl Mfg. Co., Ltd., give particulars of many foot comfort appliances, and offer to send a free booklet on the care of the feet.

Brooks Cycle Saddle advertisement is an interesting one, and cyclists are advised to write for their booklet, which will be sent free.

George Weston & Co. offer officers' army trench coats, interlined with oil-skin and with detachable fleece linings, at 65s. These look smart and are very good value.

The Waverley Book Co.'s advertisement is of special interest to men and women who are prepared to use their hands a little and save money. They advertise The Amateur Mechanic—a very useful work—and the free descriptive booklet offered by them is well worth sending for.

Spratt's Patent, Ltd., will send for 7d. a book of great interest to all dog-lovers.

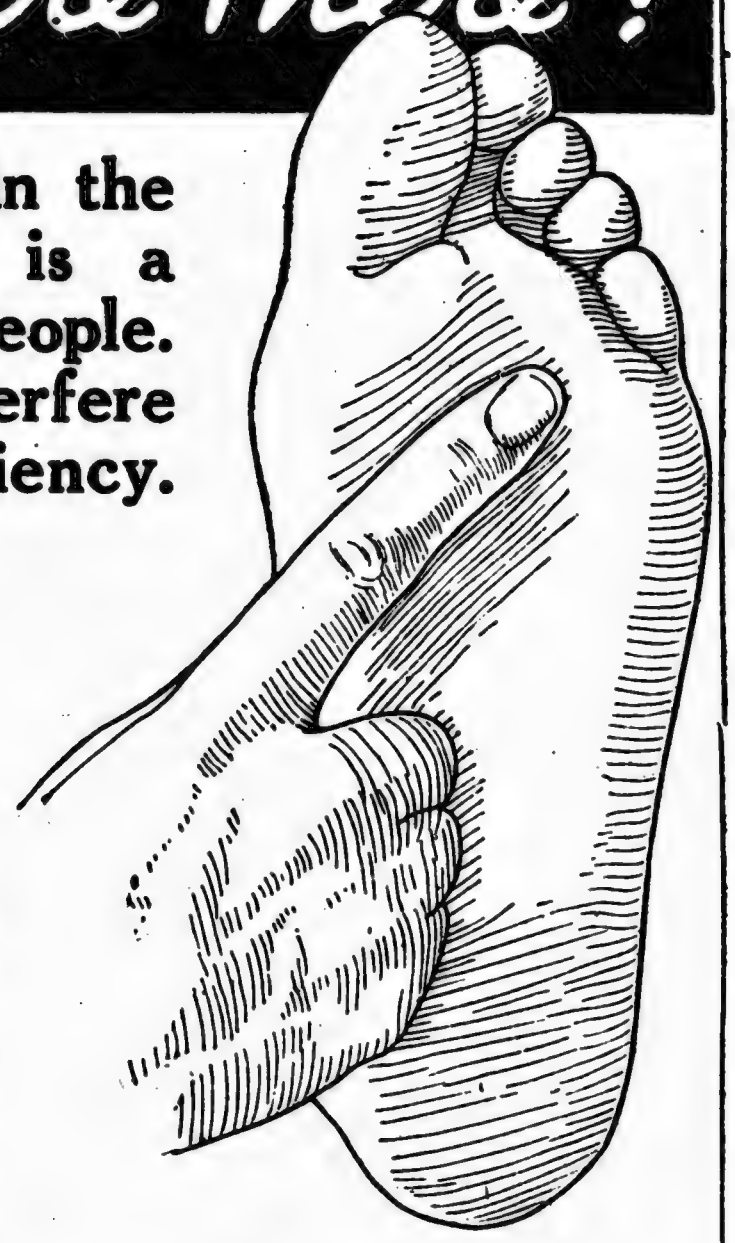
Regal Mills, Ltd., of Blackpool, offer a special line of 25s. raincoats for men, women and children.

Indeed the advertisement pages describe many interesting and useful commodities at bargain prices, not least among them being those offered in "Small Ads. Worth Watching."

The world's problems settled in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

Pain or pressure there?

PAIN in the ball of the foot—in the toes—instep—heel—ankle is a serious handicap to active people. Aching feet prevent exercise, interfere with health, pleasure and efficiency.



Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances

INSTANTLY relieve and permanently correct all foot troubles. Scholl Appliances are made of specially prepared materials and are constructed on strictly anatomical lines under expert supervision.

They are worn comfortably in the ordinary footwear unobserved, and can be adjusted to the individual requirements of the wearer, combining foot correction with foot comfort.

There are many small but highly important features which are quite exclusive to the Scholl Appliances. Dr. Wm. Scholl's practical experience as a Foot Specialist and his inventive genius have enabled him to design and perfect these foot appliances with the highest degree of scientific and anatomical accuracy.

Write to-day for Dr. Scholl's free Booklet "The Feet and Their Care."

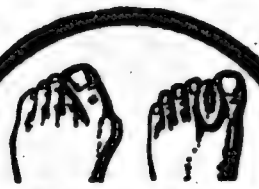
THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., LTD., 123, Giltspur St., Newgate St., London, E.C.1

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION REDUCER protects the sensitive inflamed area from pressure. Reduces the enlargement by absorption, and stops shoe bulging. Rights and lefts in Men's and Women's sizes. Each **2/6**

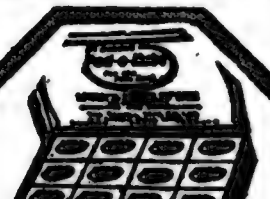
DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT-EASER. Weak, flat feet—ankles that ache and turn, relieved instantly and corrected permanently by this appliance. Men's or Women's sizes. Per pair **10/6**

Watch your Feet

DR. SCHOLL'S ANTERIOR METATARSAL ARCH SUPPORT Restores the arch across the ball of the foot. Relieves & corrects pressure and pain at the sole, bunions, etc. Pair per all **12/6**



DR. SCHOLL'S TOE-FLEX straightens distorted, crooked toes, restores normal muscular action and corrects bunions. Worn comfortably in your ordinary shoes. Men's and Women's sizes. Each **2/-**



DR. SCHOLL'S PED-O-KURER. A refreshing an iseptic preparation for tender hot and swollen feet. Softens and sterilizes water, making an invigorating bath for the feet. Per doz. tube **2/9**

DR. SCHOLL'S WALK-STRAIT HEEL PADS for run-over heels. They preserve the shape of shoes and ensure them wearing down evenly. Equalise the body's weight. Men's & Women's size. Per pair **1/6**

DR. SCHOLL'S FIXO CORN PLASTERS instantly relieve pain, absolutely remove corns in 48 hours. Per packet of 3 Treatments **1/3**

TOMMY, JACK AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheese-paring, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 29th August, 1916.

Too Bad :—A communication from Richmond Camp, Dublin, tells us that "a certain officer" of the D.C.L.I. made his company double around the square with trailed arms for half-an-hour because some fellow in the ranks spoke. Highly improper, but why not find the fellow who spoke in the ranks and take it out of him?

From "Merpot" :—Letters from Baghdad inform us that the boys live mostly on bully and biscuits, and that since they consented to pay out of their own pockets for better grub the "skoff" has become worse. Which is as it should not be.

A Hint to the Charitable : — Beware of the man short of a limb, who works the barrel-organ and displays a card alleging that he lost a leg or an arm in the war and cannot get a pension. Many men were punished and discharged for self-inflicted wounds, and in more than a few cases the objects of pity and charity belong to this class. Ask them to produce their proofs.

An Unfair Distinction :—It has been finally decided that war medals will not be granted for Home service, with the exception of the British war medal, and this will be given only to the personnel of defence batteries who engaged hostile vessels during the war. What about the searchlight and gun crews who tackled hostile aircraft almost nightly? They should not be left out in the cold. And, after all, shore engagements with enemy ships were few and far between.

Tommy's "Tucker" :—The daily scale of rations at Home Stations is now:—Meat, frozen or fresh, 12 ozs., or meat, preserved, 9 ozs.; bread, 16 ozs., or biscuits, 12 ozs.; bacon, 2 ozs.; sugar, 1½ oz.; tea, ⅜ oz.; salt, ¼ oz.; cheese, 1 oz.; jam or syrup, 1½ oz.; margarine, 1 oz. The messing cash allowance will, from 1st August and until further notice, be 3½d. a day. A bit of a cut!

Manufacturing Saints :—The woman has come into her own in competition with men; but she is quite out of place in the soldiers' wet canteen. Tommy resents her presence, and tells us that while chatting with his chums over their horn of beer they must carefully choose their language. Perhaps this is another move on the part of the State to manufacture Saints. As a result of Ermyntrude instead of Bill being behind the counter, our soldiers are beginning to forget their pet florid phrases.

The Tired Doctor :—From Bareilly, in India, we hear that troops are hard worked in the hottest hours, that a man must be nearly dead before he gets hospital or light duty, and that quinine is the usual potion given for all ills. They seem to need some commanding officers there who know India, and some medical fellows who understand tropical diseases. Quite recently a sufferer with Indian abscess on the liver was given quinine and light duty! When a man is hauled along to the cemetery and the band and party are returning we have no doubt the former plays "We can get a better man for a shilling." But where is the General?

Jack's Money :—The following awards of salvage money are now ready for distribution in the Department of the Accountant-General: Salvage of SS. *Glint* by H.M. Tug *Musquash*, on March 2nd, 1919; salvage of the cargo of SS. *Demodocus* by H.M. Tugs *Andros*, *Veteran*, *Restive* and *Sampson*, H.M. Trawler *Vigilant II.* and Dockyard Working Party (Malta) from March 24th to April 18th, 1918.

Our Daily "Thank You" :—From J. P., Maryport:—"Allow me to thank you for interesting yourself on my behalf. As a result I have received the sum of £10 7s. gratuity, which was due to me for a considerable time. Had you not appeared on the scene I should still have been waiting for the money."

RACING NOTES.

[All enquiries in respect of sporting matters will be dealt with in the correspondence columns of the Sporting Life.]

Sussex Fortnight.

The first half of the Sussex fortnight was quite successful, some first-class racing having been witnessed at Goodwood. The Duke of Richmond has many improvements in prospective. Still, there is a lot to be accomplished—especially for the motorist. Brighton and Lewes complete the fortnight by the sea-board, this week, and perchance Tinspear will be equal to capturing the Cup at the former fixture, as he ran very creditably on Friday last.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

BRIGHTON—WEDNESDAY.

Berwick Welter—NONENTITY.
Brighton Cup—TINSPEAR.
Sussex Stakes—*STAR GRASS.

BRIGHTON—THURSDAY.

Brookside Plate—*HELIUM FILLY.
Three-Year-Old Handicap—MASCULINO.
Cliftonville Plate—BLACK RAY.

LEWES—FRIDAY.

Stanmore Handicap—CHIVALROUS.
De Warrene Handicap—OLIVIA.
Astley Stakes—*HALL MARK.
Open Welter—SWINERTON.

LEWES—SATURDAY.

Hamsey Welter—LILY I.
Lewes Handicap—SANGRAIL; if absent, CORAZON.
Southdown Open Welter—*TOM POWRIE.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Living on Nothing:—Out of work, without the "donation" or other income, an ex-gunner has an invalid wife and two little children to watch starving.

Jack a Sheer Hulk:—A similar case was that of a bluejacket who served through the war and was "discharged to shore." His youngsters number three.

The White Scourge:—Ill and out of work, an ex-Tommy has been ordered into a convalescent home, leaving his wife and seven young children to fend for themselves.

His Job Snatched:—Demobilised with the Defence Corps, a man returned home to find his wife on the eve of her confinement and his situation filled by another man.

A Heartless Landlord:—In his distress, a hospital patient wrote asking us to save his home, his wife and five children being threatened with eviction. We took immediate steps.

A Big Brood:—Blessed with a wife and seven kiddies, an East End labourer tramps London daily in a vain endeavour to find work. The distress of the family was great.

Rent Due and no Food:—Suffering from consumption herself, a widow has two children stricken with the same disease. The woman is temporarily unemployed, owed rent, and had no food.

For the Babies!:—We are still badly in need of baby clothing. Any by you that you may not want again?

WHAT YOU CAN HELP US TO DO.

The latest unemployment returns tell us that on July 22nd there were 143,500 fewer unemployed than during the previous week, and 300,000 fewer than at the beginning of the month. For which let us be truly thankful. But the registered unemployed still on the list number 1,870,000, the bulk of whom are down and out. Although there has been such a welcome diminution of the workless, the number of applications sent to us grow weekly—mainly owing to the reduction of the amount of the "dole" in some cases and its complete cutting out in others; while contributions to our fund continue to slacken in these holiday times.

This week we had quite a large number of particularly distressing cases, including seven deaths, insurance in none of the latter having been effected. Have you ever, on reading our short paragraphs in the preceding column, really thought deeply of the applicant's plight? Take the case of the workless man with a wife and seven or eight children. The family is already in a state of great distress, there is no food in the house, the youngsters, and often the parents, are in a tattered condition, the "home" has been sold down to the barest minimum of necessaries, even the bed-clothing having disappeared.

Of course, the parish provides a certain amount—a ridiculously small amount—of food, and the workhouse is available for those who wish to use it. But rent cannot be paid, and the landlord and bailiffs are a constant dread, as are also the people who provided the furniture of the humble home on the hire purchase system, and who come and grab it on the slightest provocation.

Try to visualise this common and typical case. In your mind, place yourself in the position of the despairing parent or the starving, ragged child who is too young to know why distress is in the house, or why daddy looks so haggard and careworn when he comes home, tired and spiritless, after his long vain search for work. We want you to help us.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

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By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each inquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Holiday Markets.

The Stock Exchange has lately been obsessed by the holiday idea and there has thus been little or no opportunity of getting business done. The representation of big firms has been delegated to junior partners, and if their seniors, in intervals of golf and Goodwood, have been laying important plans for the future, markets as yet show no signs of them, though I believe interests at the back of both the Kaffir and the Oil departments continue to make certain preparations for possible future eventualities. Whether these fructify early or late will depend largely upon how matters shape during the next week or ten days. If within that period markets develop no promise of getting a move on, the big folk may be expected to abandon their efforts until the middle of September.

Argentine Rails Rally.

Argentine rails have come up out of the depths. The rally has been due almost entirely to professional "bear" covering, but these repurchases have been prompted by a definitely brighter reading of the outlook on a long view. There is no chance of impending dividend results being better than recently estimated. Many of the big Companies will probably declare no dividends at all, in view of the less favourable exchange and the heavy fall in gross earnings. On the other hand, figures for the current half-year may materially improve. The strike fever in Argentine has died down. The Government is expected to sanction higher freight rates before long, and crop news is not unfavourable. It looks as though this group may be about to enter a healthier era.

Then and Now.

It is just over seven years ago since the outbreak of the European war—and, faced as the City still is with present troubles and future perplexities, there must be few who cannot compare with thankfulness the existing situation with that obtaining at the beginning of August, 1914. The Stock Exchange at that time, after over a week of failures and general crisis, had decided, on the urgent representations of Lord Rothschild, to close its doors. It was thought the Exchange would reopen within a week or so. As a matter of fact, it was not reopened until the beginning of the following year. Reflections of this sort provide something of a tonic to offset current difficulties, and we certainly want it. If trade gets into active swing during the autumn, we shall be able to see our way again.

Home Railway Results.

The half-yearly dividends of the Home Railway companies in the bulk have been satisfactory. Most payments show slight cuts upon last year's distributions, but the Undergrounds have done better than last year, and have justified the investors who supported them. The Great Northern Railway, however, has followed the course which the pessimists feared all the railway managements might pursue. It has decided, owing to the uncertainties of the future, to pay no interim dividend on the Ordinary Stock. Whether the present abstention is due to special difficulties facing the Great Northern, or to the special nerviness of the company's board, there is no immediate means of ascertaining. But the shareholders have not got their money.

Harper Bean's Position.

Those who had definitely adopted the view that Harper Bean was a derelict concern, wrecked by the industrial reaction beyond chance of recovery, can find their view no longer supportable after the recent meeting. Sir Thomas Polson summed up the position of the undertaking with most admirable clearness, and indicated that on the proposed reorganised lines the Company might yet do well when the motor trade passes out of its period of eclipse. The capital will be under 3½ millions instead of 6 millions, and all the bigger interests associated with the concern are showing a laudable desire to swing it round in the direction of success. The meeting has been followed by slight improvements in both the Ordinary and Preference shares, and the latter around 2s. 6d. should prove remunerative to those who can put them away for a year or two. Every credit is due to Sir Thos. Polson, who I know has put in almost superhuman work to save the concern.

An Unwanted Monopoly.

Even railway shareholders probably heard with satisfaction that the Speaker had cut out from the Transport Bill as *ultra vires* the proposal to permit the railways to extend their operations to road transport. Practically the whole industrial and commercial community feels that a very grave danger has only been narrowly avoided. The railways, as powerful vested interests, would have been in a position to undercut and ultimately eliminate competition from other road transport interests—or, alternatively, to force them into a rate agreement against the public interest.

Advertisers' Announcements.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

HARPER BEAN, LIMITED.

The first annual general meeting of Harper Bean, Ltd., was held on July 25, at the Central Hall, Westminster, S.W. Colonel Sir Thomas A. Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.P., the Chairman of the company, presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts said that it was not until October last that he became connected with it as a director. That was the beginning of a period of hard work, worry and annoyance such as he had never previously experienced in the course of a very strenuous business career. In his opinion the original constitution of the Board left much to be desired. The main board of a company such as theirs should consist of men independent of the subsidiary companies in which it was interested, but the main board should be represented on the boards of those companies. Matters constantly arose for the consideration of the main board where the interests of two or more subsidiary companies might appear to conflict. The fault had been largely remedied as far as their company was concerned. On November 17, Messrs. Whitcomb, Bean, and Burns voluntarily resigned, and Mr. Wardman's seal was vacated under Clause 114, sub-section (f) of the Articles of Association, leaving but two of the original directors, Major Clerke and Mr. Wilding, who with himself at once set about the formidable task they had since been engaged upon. Mr. Wilding or himself, or both of them, were now on the boards of most of the companies in which the shareholders' money had been placed.

Most of them were only too well acquainted with the loud blast of trumpets which heralded the formation of the company just 12 months after the Armistice. It was but one of many whose fulsome hopes had been rudely dispelled by the inevitable assertion of those economic laws which had been so generally forgotten or ignored. The prospectus was issued on November 28, 1919, the capital being £6,000,000. The issue was over-subscribed to the extent of £36,454. But coming down to an analysis of the position, that was brought about by the applications for large blocks of shares far in excess of what the applicants subsequently proved able to pay for and take up, and the calls in arrear amounted to the huge sum of £1,121,051 17s. 6d. on December 31, of which, so far, the Board had only succeeded in recovering £15,808 1s. The actual amount of cash received amounted to but £3,428,948 2s. 6d.

The company was formed mainly for the manufacture of motor vehicles, on a scale never before attempted in this country, and the sale thereof, and in particular for the mass production of the Bean Car. To achieve this object it was considered necessary to acquire either the whole or a controlling interest in the various concerns—notably A. Harper, Sons and Bean, Ltd. and the British Motor Trading Corporation, Ltd.—set forth in the prospectus. In November last the Board instructed Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., to make a thorough investigation of the affairs of the following companies:—A. Harper, Son and Bean, Ltd., Vulcan Motor and Engineering Co., Ltd., Swift of Coventry, Ltd., Jigs, Ltd., Rushmores (1919), Ltd., Mosses Radiator Co., Ltd., Gallay Radiator Co., Ltd., the Regent Carriage Co., Ltd., Camelinat and Co., Ltd., A.B.C. Motors (1920), Ltd.

After referring to the position of other undertakings in which the company was interested, the Chairman dealt with the principal figures in the balance-sheet, and said there was no reason why the company, in spite of its heavy handicap, should not ultimately enter upon an era of prosperity gratifying to all.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

The 34th annual general meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Limited, was held on July 27th, at the Cannon Street Hotel, Cannon Street, Major C. M. Threlfall (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said that the trading result for the financial year under review was wonderfully good, especially in view of the depression which had existed in the industrial life of the country during the last twelve months.

A number of licensed premises had been purchased during the year, and the results from these, up to the present, had fully justified the anticipations of the board. Both the breweries at Liverpool and Salford had been enlarged and partly remodelled, so as to bring them right up to date and to provide for the increased demand which was being made upon them. In conclusion, the Chairman said that the time had passed when the trade should be relieved from the inconveniences imposed by the Liquor Control Board, and he was glad to say that under the proposed new Bill there now seemed to be every prospect of those undue interferences with the rights of the working man being removed. He moved the adoption of the report and accounts, and the payment of a dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum on the fully paid and partly paid ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30—making 20 per cent. for the year.

The resolution was unanimously approved.

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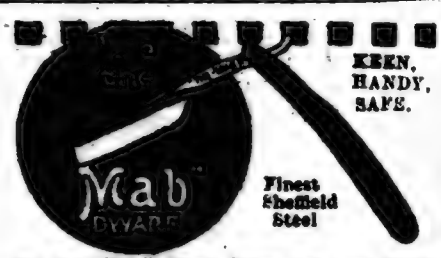

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These coats are from the Disposal and Liquidation Commission and are guaranteed to be as described above. They are offered at above low price because they have to be sold at a time when weather conditions are unfavourable for their disposal.

When ordering state height and chest measurement over jacket.

Delivery is generally made in from 12 to 14 days and is GUARANTEED within 21 days. Prepaid mail orders only are accepted, and if the coat does not give complete satisfaction, money will be at once refunded, provided garment is returned undamaged within 7 days.

Purchasers of our 30s. reconditioned trench coats who have not yet received delivery, may, if they wish, exchange into this offer on forwarding difference in price.

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Hounslow, Middlesex.

(17A)

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C. (Dublin).—"If this peace is genuine, why keep us soldiers in Ireland?" Well, we hope you will soon be using your return tickets.

W. N. V. (York).—"The Government evidently mean to Paul Pry us out of existence." All the more reason to resolve to pry them out of office.

J. E. (Berwick).—"You are very good at trying to do right." We feel you mean well, but why lacerate our feelings by giving us only the credit of "trying."

P. P. O. (Tooting).—"I pray for your life to be spared as long as I live." But does that mean you don't care what happens to us when you have gone?

V. D. (Blyth).—"We are old readers of your paper, and know the good it does." Thanks. It is given to few to see even the sprouting of what they sow, let alone the harvest.

F. J. (Ipswich).—"America would only lend money to France, Belgium, and Italy, through Britain." Yes—even the Yank must admit "Old Britain" is the best security on earth.

TOM W. (East Molesey).—Quite right. Our para., "Fell among Thieves," was only a condemnation of those who deserve it. Old-established and honest boat proprietors suffer for their misdeeds.

"DIGGER" (Sidney).—"Australia would never stand the millions of Indians who would pour in if they could." We agree there is plenty of room for Indians in India under proper rule.

R. H. (Littlemore).—"This morning I bought 13 copies of the paper." The staff has now been warned that we shall bowstring anyone who says that 13 is unlucky.

M. O. V. (Vauxhall).—"I told him we had a day's work to do in an hour." From the result one often wonders whether you don't manage to squeeze a lunch in the time.

L. G. (Battersea).—"Is the enclosed too strong for your paper?" It will suit the asbestos supplement, which may be seasonable in the winter.

C. F. B. (Edinboro').—"I recommend this to your *serious* consideration." Of course. We should doubt even a Scotchman seeing a humorous side to murder.

C. R. (Herne Bay).—"I will not describe all the delays of red-tape." No, if you give the first and last years of the affair we can guess the rest.

J. A. T. (Lambeth).—"Writing direct seldom moves these authorities," Try a gentle hint conveyed through the Rajah of Foo-Rha-Loo.

J. A. T. (Hawick).—"The Government know perfectly well——." What a pal! Such touching faith would make a strong man cry.

A. E. B. (Weston-super-Mare).—We do not care to comment on murder cases at any time. And, without great necessity, certainly not before the trial.

N. F. (Winstanton).—"All this talk in Parliament makes one's head split." If it really does, you could at any rate say you have an open mind.

"EMPLOYER" (Hastings).—We have no sympathy with strikes without notice. You men would raise a shocking dust if you were sacked without notice.

I. S. B. (Bristol).—Your daughter may have got a place for herself, at her own expense, but the Exchange will calmly include her in the total of "work obtained."

W. C. C. (Edmonton).—"In February, 1915, I wrote a poem." We advise you, after perusal, to put it back into cold storage without delay.

F. R. (Evian-les-Bains).—"I adopted five men of the Gordon Highlanders." And they repaid it by playing "That Old-fashioned Mother of Mine" on the bag-pipes?

L. M. A. (Nine Elms).—"None of the licensed victuallers likes the increased hours." We suppose it gives the victims more time to taste the stuff—and go elsewhere!

S. B. (Sandown).—Your complaint is not new, unfortunately. We do not think that, even for a prize, the Labour Exchanges could add anything fresh to their foolish and heartless record.

J. A. B. (Battersea).—"I refuse to believe the Government are blind to all danger." Many are only blind to danger because they cannot see it *is* danger.

"COLONIAL."—"Some of your M.P.s have a frightful thirst—for information." And, to judge by some Ministers, they find the well (of Truth) bone-dry.

"ARCHIBALD."—Certainly not. When we wrote 14,000, we simply gave round figures. Of the odd 164, some were tailors, and as "it takes 9 tailors to make a man," even your figures need qualification.

MRS. W. (Bearwood).—Three men with one cart for 5 miles of dustbins! A stone-cold certainty no councillor lives on that route.

J. H. D. S. (Simla).—"Your powerful aid has got two of my three prayers sanctioned." Good. When we get our second wind, we will see what's what as to the third.

H. (Chelsea).—"A lot of misery is caused by people not marrying others of different birth months." But for many it might have been the 1st of April all the year.

"PRO BONO" (London).—We haven't the slightest objection to Easter day being a fixture. We have never been able to understand why people want to move it about.

W. H. H. (Bushey).—"I was seriously thinking of opening a pub." When you do we will look you up, and "have one" with the "house."

M. AND S. (Corsham).—There can't be any connection between Prohibition and the high price of "pop." 8½d. a bottle for rubbish "minerals" must give Pussyfoot quite a bad knock.

W. McC. (Quetta, India).—After all, the Corporal won the V.C. Better that the reporters over-report him than some local mug-wump who munitioned or profiteered into "importance."

J. M. (via Oban).—"The inanities of our modern etiquette so excessively in vogue is effecting the gradual transformation of a people hitherto pre-eminent for sanity of mannerly deportment into an incompetent nation of artificial ninnys. This counterfeit—" Take a rest.

R. H. (Brixton).—"*Re* the Post Office muddle." Sorry, three volumes is too much to print. Anything less is only trifling with the subject.

MRS. E. (Brixton Hill) believes that the British people are descended from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Sometimes we think they must be descended from Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses.

W. S. (Devonport).—"Early to bed, early to rise, Never get drunk and advertise." It certainly is foolish to get drunk and advertise the fact.

S. W. (Holborn).—"I could complain of no change, having to do without a holiday." But lots who have had a holiday complain that they aven't any change.

"J. P." (Hove).—It is a treat to find a Magistrate of your standing protesting against the policy of some Benches to fine a man of education for shoplifting and pass a heavy sentence on a working man for a minor crime. More power to your elbow. Let us hear from you again.

J. W. F. (New Cross).—You must have been born on a Friday.

P. A. C. (Bolton).—"I stood and watched brewer's men blocking up the pavement with beer barrels." Congratulations on finding a show on which no Entertainment Tax is levied.

C. B. (Peckham).—"I wish to go to Canada, farming is my ambition, age 15, no farther." If you knew the conditions there, then it certainly would be "no farther."

"MOTHER" (Worthing).—"8s. a week, and very few tips, is not good enough." No, but we give you one tip—hang on to it till you get another job, then exceed the speed limit moving.

"AJAX" (Plymouth).—"Fair she speaks, but danger lurks beneath her smile." You must have been one ahead of her in the bargain sale queue!

A. W. F. (Cardiff).—"This nation, like a camel, has been living on its hump." With this difference—that the nation has got the hump worse than ever.

F. L. (Potters Bar).—"Not much left out of £20 a year after paying all these insurances." No, and if the Government tried a job at the figure, they would soon cut them out.

C. C. (Forest Gate).—"The Liquor Control tramples our liberties in the dust." And then denies you a reasonable chance to wash it down.

A. H. (Smithfield).—"I sang as a chorister in 1858." But we take it your voice has broken a little since then?

F. B. (Bideford).—Thanks for new idea, which we can have for "what it is worth." As you forgot your address, what are we to do with the penny?

A. G. (Erehwon).—"The Exodus has been too long delayed." You have been misinformed. According to Moses, a very reliable authority, the Exodus occurred some time ago.

W. H. C. (Howden).—"The enclosed picture of an airship at a mooring-mast is wrong. There never was a mast in the place." Well, if the camera cannot lie, its owner trifled with the truth.

W. W. (Dover).—"Nero fiddled while Rome was burning." Surely you don't suggest orchestral accompaniment for the Fire Brigade in these hard times?

"CLASS" (Liverpool).—"We are living in an age when we are not sure what is going to happen." Quite right, madam. If we were sure there would be no bookies.

"NO MORE" (Beak St.).—"Many who give to some ex-Servicemen's Bands don't know that a cunning gent guarantees them £3 a week and pockets the rest." Then they know now.

ANON (Sheffield).—We also note with regret that a veteran bricklayer died at 92. The younger generation, however, prefer odds to hods.

"INQUIRER" (London).—What do we think of the Bishopsgate Trading Co., Bishopsgate, E.C.? What we have always thought; also said. They are flat-catchers.

L. F. C. (Wakefield).—The 1s. writing outfit for 2s. 6d. was not a "Government scheme," because, however you work out the figures, it looks as if there would be a profit.

T. A. E. (Brighton).—If any firm brags about selling things merely "to give ex-Service men work," look for inferior quality and superior prices.

ANOTHER "JOHN BULL" ACHIEVEMENT.

"J.B." RAZOR COUPON Value 1/-

CUT HERE

This coupon will be accepted as 1/- in part payment of a "J.B." Razor and should be accompanied by a remittance of 4/- plus 4d. postage.

We desire to acknowledge the many letters of appreciation of the "JOHN BULL" SAFETY RAZOR.

A SPECIAL CONCESSION.

As a special concession, in view of the holidays, we have pleasure in extending the date of the attached Coupon (value 1/-) until August 14th.

"JOHN BULL" RAZOR DEPT., 93, LONG ACRE, W.C 2.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3/-, and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Aug. 6th 1921.

P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull," and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

LETTER BAG.—(Continued).

"MEDICAL STUDENT" (London, W.C.).—There is no such thing as racial equality. We do not blame black for being black, but we say a coat of white changes nothing, and only wastes good white-wash.

E. C. C. (Balgowlah).—Why shouldn't a stoker get "occasional engagements as a conjurer?" It is not unknown at sea for stokers to "do dirty tricks."

"SPRAY" (Lichfield).—"Why should Governor-Generals take half their salaries for life?" Because they cannot get the other half.

R. H. (Llandudno).—If the musician in question insists on playing a German instrument, try consuming a lemon where he can see you doing it.

"TYRO" (Paddington).—We should not trouble to "preserve the rights" of your recitation. The audience will do enough to anyone who poaches it to satisfy the most bloodthirsty.

E. (Rodington).—"They are taxing the mutton and the beef—taxing old women without any teeth." You need a ripe and crusted Cockney accent to make any rhyme out of that.

R. H. (Belfast).—"Suppose I go into a tobacconists and find that tobacco has doubled in price?" The shop-keeper may wonder where you have been and what you did to get it.

A. S. (Uxbridge).—"Girls should be made to go to domestic service." But you could never earn enough to pay for the crockery a conscript "slavey" could break by accident!

H. N. (Attercliffe).—"Fancy delivering bread in a cart which had been used for cement." The customers certainly might complain if they asked for bread and got a stone.

"WITHERED-UP" (London, N. 2).—"Pussy and the heat arouse one's ire. No moisture anywhere—we shall expire." But surely you can get up earlier and obtain a better place in the queue?

P. O. (Stepney).—"We are drifting to the rocks of national break-down on the vessel of despair." And if the vessel leaks badly, and the cargo is on fire, there seems every prospect of a little trouble.

"OLD 'UN" (Redditch).—"I have been trying for a long time and no prize has come my way." Keep on. It is always the last effort that wins anything.

N. H. (Kilkenny).—"A Labour Exchange queue is a body of men seeking jobs they don't want to find. I have watched them." Quite exciting work watching others dodging it.

A. B. (Marylebone).—"I have been certified as sane." And that's a distinction which many cannot claim—and dare not risk it!

F. P. (Chorley).—"How could a man be drunk who hadn't touched drink for years?" Perhaps "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"!

"CHORISTER" (Plymouth).—"My father was in the employ of one firm all his life." We suppose for the first year he acted as an alarm clock for the other employees.

L. O. (Ayr).—"Some are young at fifty and others old at twenty." And usually because they want to do something they are not expected to.

T. McK. (Liverpool).—"Having four sons and four daughters, my father could not manage to keep his family in a Ireland." But we didn't think it was as crowded as all that.

J. C. C. (Behar, India).—"It is the misfortune of actresses to attract men to their theatres." It would be a misfortune for them if they didn't! But why imagine the worst?

"JUSTICE" (Newcastle).—It certainly hits some workers hard that, because they are not in trades specified in the Act for the dole, they get nothing. Red tape and ignorance again.

F. A. B. (San Diego).—"These men who died were destined by the Almighty to be the fathers of the next generation." On the contrary, if so "destined" they could not have died.

S. E. (Monte Carlo).—"Your paper has given us lots of pleasure here." In return, put a little bunch on Zero—and, if you win, send the result to our Fund.

I. J. W. (Ditton).—"The following is an account of our local Fire Brigade." As a joke, we have seen it done better. If serious, it ill becomes anybody to sneer at useful voluntary work.

M. M. J. (Llanwrst).—If your neighbours are as you state, we suggest taking a lease of a nice, quiet desert.

C. H. C. (Aldershot).—"A room with a bed and a table, 11s. a week!" Still, a Government Inspector of Lodgings might say one of these is an unnecessary luxury!

C. L. (Pontypool).—You are a colliery labourer, and a London Correspondence College advises you to take their course of "Journalism"? You would do a lot more good if you persuade *them* to take a course of Colliery Labouring.

"X. Y. Z." (Gornal).—"A bit of work would run a man's fat down." And no work at all might take the lean.

W. S. (Wells).—"Certainly 6s. 9d. for soleing boots with brown paper is stiff. The shoe-faker might have given you the benefit of the small drop in paper prices some time ago.

"COLLIE" (Branksome).—"Can't you ask shop-keepers to put a bowl outside for thirsty dogs?" Certainly. Here goes—and it would oblige us immensely if they would occasionally add a meaty bone.

O. W. H. (Oxford).—"Investigate the methods of turf accountants, and expose them." Has the past taught you nothing? The big ones are the safest. Why patronise obscure shysters?

M. F. (Colwyn Bay).—"Many would delight to touch the hem of your garment." We fear many would prefer to "touch" the part where we carry the loose change!

V. M. (Torquay).—"Living, soap, and wages are down. Why should our laundry bills keep up?" As the laundress would say—That's the rub!

G. C. (King's Cross).—"You'll never stop an Irishman spoiling for a fight." There might not be so much fighting if the Irish were not expected to live up to that reputation.

B. S. (Ipswich).—You cannot condemn a whole organisation because a few members are not straight. Things may be improved by reporting all cases you notice.

M. T. (Blakenhall).—"I have not written to you for some time, owing to the increased postage." Thus the P.-M.-G. has gained nothing, but the stationery maker has lost trade.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

SERIOUS FOOT TORTURES & RHEUMATIC AFFLICTIONS.

If you have these in any form and think there is the slightest excuse for continuing to suffer—*Just read what the following users of Reudel Bath Saltrates say about the only quick, positive, and never-failing cure for sore, tired, tender feet that ache, burn, smart, swell, itch, and develop corns, bunions, callosses, or other forms of foot misery. Also, you can stop any rheumatic aches and pains within ten minutes.*

Mr. Eugene Corri, of the National Sporting Club, and the world-famous referee, said: "The medicated water stops any rheumatic pains in a few minutes. Just like a visit to a Spa."

Eugene Corri

Joe Beckett says: "To bring out corns, root and all, and to cure any other bad foot troubles, painful rheumatic complaints, skin affections, etc., there is nothing to equal Saltrates baths."

Joe Beckett

Jimmy Wilde writes: "I found both-boxing and military service especially hard on the feet, but never suffer any discomfort on that account myself. Why? Simply because I never neglect to rest my feet in saltrated water occasionally. It is the only way I know of to get rid of foot troubles and keep rid of them."

Jimmy Wilde

Georges Carpentier writes: "Any foot troubles can be removed by simply dissolving a small tablespoonful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a foot-bath of hot water and immersing the feet for about 15-20 minutes in the medicated solution thus formed. All pain, smarting, burning, itching, stinging, etc., is drawn right out."

Georges Carpentier

The above remarks are endorsed by the following:—
A. F. Bettinson, Founder and Manager National Sporting Club, Eddie McGoorty, Fred Fulton, Billy Wells, Jim Sullivan, Young Henley, Ted Lewis (trainer of Jimmy Wilde), T. Burnham (trainer of Georges Carpentier), and many other well-known men.

NOTE.—The wonderful curative baths referred to above are prepared by dissolving refined Reudel Bath Saltrates in hot water. About two tablespoonfuls are required for a full bath or a piled-up teaspoonful for a strong foot-bath. This standard compound is very inexpensive, and exactly reproduces the highly mineralised and oxygenated waters of famous natural curative springs.

BABY JOY!

BABY JOY has been fed on COW & Gate ever since she was born, and she is so fond of it, and so well on her diet of this pure, uncontaminated Milk Food that she has agreed to help us interest every Mother and Mother-to-be in the frame-building, strength-giving properties of Cow & Gate—the world-famous Milk Food that is made in Dorset and Somerset.

Cow & Gate Milk Food is as perfect a food as it is economical—a very good point with the increasing cost of ordinary cow's milk.

A free sample is waiting at Cow & Gate House on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

WRITE FOR IT NOW!

COW & GATE HOUSE,
GUILDFORD, SURREY

"Bullets" August Holiday Offer!

2ND PRIZE £100 | **FIRST PRIZE £500** | **3RD PRIZE £50**

50 Prizes of 10/- | 100 Prizes of 5/-

500 Prizes of 2/6 | 2,000 POPULAR NOVELS | 3,000 "Target" Prizes

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £10 each

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you :—Example—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet :—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 420.

ROAD TO PEACE	PRINCE'S WELCOME	TALK OF THE TOWN	MONEY WON'T BUY
WHAT BOTTOMLEY PREACHES	PERFORMING WONDERS	ELBOW GREASE	NO SECRET
JUST WHAT'S WANTED	THE WORLD OVER	NOT EASY TO	BEST OUT
WHEN CREDITORS CALL	SEASIDE LANDLADY	ARM OF THE LAW	IDEAL HOLIDAY
MOST ENCOURAGING WOMEN	DOES ME GOOD	NATION'S CHEST	DEAN INGE
GOVERNMENT BLUNDERS	HOW TO GET RICH	GOES DOWN WELL	LUCKY DIP
WHEN FLAPPER BATHES	MATRIMONIAL AGENT	ONE MAN BAND	INDEPENDENT AIR
ON THE WRONG SIDE	TEACHING SOCIALISM	MODERN WORKMAN	PARADISE

Closing Date Thursday August 11th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(420) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date Thursday, August 11th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(420) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____

Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 420, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date Thursday August 11th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(420) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday August 11th.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(420) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____

Address_____

List of 10s. Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition 418 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS & BULLS | 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed_____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 418th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000 :

Mr. CHARLES BAKER.
31, Arbuthnot Rd., New Cross, London, S.E.
Example :— SEASIDE FLAPPER.
Bullet:—SEVENTEEN "UP TO ANYTHING."

SECOND PRIZE OF £10 :

Mr. G. BOOTH,
10, Marlborough Villas, Dunkirk, Notts.
Example :—NASTY KNOCK.
Bullet :—MERELY BROADENS PREMIER'S SMILE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £5 :

Mr. JAMES SILCOX, 9, Albany Street, Edinburgh.
Example :—THANKS TO GOVERNMENT.
Bullet :—ONE CAN'T BE "LAVISH."

10 Prizes of £5 each :

Mr. G. HUDSON, 126, Cale Lane, New Springs, Wigan : MAN AT THE WHEEL—OFTEN WISHES HIMSELF PASSENGER.
Mr. W. T. BEEDELL, 8, Elton Road, Exeter : RUINED—FIGHTING ANYTHING BUT EXPENDITURE.
Mr. GEO. BENNETT, The Manse, Keyworth, Notts. : WHAT WAR TAUGHT US—OCEAN BEST BUFFER STATE.
Mr. B. RILEY, 47, Hartington Road, Liverpool : MY WIFE'S AMBITION—PRACTISING SOCIALISM ON ME.
Mr. R. LAWS, 20, Orchard Street, Savile Town, Dewsbury : STILL WAITING—AT STARTING-POST—BRITAIN.
Mr. W. DICKINSON, 11, Polstead Rd., Tilehurst, Reading : ELECTION PROMISES—SHOULD HAVE TIME LIMIT.
Mr. H. DAWSON, 6, Kinglake Road, Wallasey : LLOYD GEORGE'S POSITION — DEFENDING "BREACHES" OF PROMISE.
Mr. H. T. PAGE, 27, Countess Road, London, N.W.5 : WHAT WAR TAUGHT US—THAT IRISHMEN CAN AGREE.
Mr. R. A. KERR, 20, Queen's Road, Urmston, M/c. WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS—DON'T USE THE TELEPHONE.
Mr. C. NASH, 21, Sampson Road, Birmingham : DANGEROUS TO STATE—GOVERNMENT CREATING "RAINY DAYS."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each :

Mr. P. G. JONES, 11, Madelaine Street, Princes Park, Liverpool : LLOYD GEORGE'S POSITION—TERMINUS OR JUNCTION ?
Mr. P. WEST, 58, Springfield Road, Leighton Buzzard : THE OTHER WOMAN—SELDOM "A GOOD FAIRY."
Mr. S. LINDSAY, 4, Slieve Donard, Belfast : TIME WILL TELL—WHETHER DISARMAMENT "CONFIDENCE TRICK."
Mr. G. HEATHCOTE, West Barnes Lane, New Malden, Surrey : WHILE WE'RE ASLEEP—MINISTERS STILL "PREACH SALVATION."
Mr. E. J. THOMAS, Heol-y-Cawl, Llantwit, Vardre, Pontypridd : STILL WAITING—FOR HOUSES, NOT WAREHOUSES.
Mr. R. J. WALL, 7, Enville Street, Stourbridge : ELECTION PROMISES—WEREN'T SERIOUS—CONSEQUENCES ARE.
Mr. H. CURWEN, 122, Harlaxton Drive, Nottingham : WELL ADVERTISED—OR SNOBS WON'T SUBSCRIBE.
Mr. R. G. FAIRLAMB, Saltersford Locks, Barnton-Northwich, Cheshire : THE LAST STRIKE—WAVE ALMOST DROWNED OPTIMISM.
Mr. K. VINING, 3, Holmesdale Avenue, London, S.W. : DREAMING—GOVERNMENT COMFORTABLY "BOLSTERED UP."
Mr. W. J. COLLINS, c.o. J. W. Hobson, Beverley Road, New Malden. THANKS TO GOVERNMENT—"FRUITFUL VINES" "SOUR GRAPES."

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE **JOHN BULL** GREAT FREE

FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

August 6, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept. 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address .....

August 6, 1921. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

FOOTBALL AGAIN!-ONLY TEN RESULTS!

£1,000 MUST BE WON *for* ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** We would advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish matches can compete. Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

COUPONS FOR THIS COMPETITION APPEAR **EXCLUSIVELY IN "JOHN BULL."**

THEY DO *NOT* APPEAR IN ANY OTHER PAPER!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issues of "JOHN BULL" announcing this Competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (One thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given, or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday August 25th** will be disqualified.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Cut out Coupon neatly, and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 1, "JOHN BULL," 25 Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

RESULT OF CRICKET COMPETITION NO. 7 APPEARS ON PAGE 5.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, August 25th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Birmingham	v.	Burnley			
Cardiff City	v.	Tottenham H.			
Oldham Ath.	v.	Bradford City			
Sunderland	v.	Liverpool			
Hull City	v.	South Shields			
Rotherham C.	v.	Wolverh'ton W.			
Stoke	v.	West Ham U.			
Brentford	v.	Merthyr Town			
Norwich City	v.	Luton Town			
Queen's P. R.	v.	Swindon Town			

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding and enter on that understanding.

(1) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

No More Facial Eczema

Facial eczema makes life a misery, and is a bar to social and business success. But, however great the suffering, it is curable. Antexema conquers every form of eczema. The first touch gives soothing ease and comfort, and you have only to continue its use for a short time to be completely delivered from your enemy. It is just the same with face spots, scalp troubles, bad legs, bad hands, sunburn, insect bites, and all other sore, irritated, blotchy, and scaly skin conditions—they are all cured by Antexema, which is not an ointment, but a liquid cream and invisible on the skin when applied.

Get Antexema To-day

All Chemists and Stores, also Boots', Lewis and Barrows', Taylor's, Parke's, and Timothy White's, supply Antexema at 3/- and 1 3, the larger size being the more economical: or post free direct, 3/- and 1/6, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London N.W.2. Also throughout India, Australia, Canada Africa and Europe.

GRAVES
SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

Service, supplied direct from the factory to the home. Each of the 50 pieces comprising the service is of warranted quality, handsome appearance, perfect finish and undeniable excellence.

We Deliver the full 50-piece Service (without cost, carriage paid to approved orders for 6/6 with order. Balance in 9 monthly payments of 6/6 if entirely satisfied. Money refunded in full if disappointed.

6/6 With Order

The Service contains:—
6 Table Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 1 Table Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Mustard Spn., 1 Sugar Spoon or Caddy Spn., 1 Butter Knife, 1 Pickle Fork

Catalogue Post Free. Stainless Cutlery & Plate, Razors, Scissors, etc. In your own interest send to-day J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Finest Value in the World

Colonial enquiries invited.

IF IT'S

GO TO BLOOM'S

Whiteleys

FAMOUS KILDARE CLUB CYCLES

THE WORLD'S BEST VALUE

Built by Skilled Craftsmen. Highest grade material. Beautifully enamelled and lined. Hand polished and richly plated. Fitted with Dunlop Co.'s Tyres.

£10 : 10 : 0
£12 : 12 : 0
£14 : 14 : 0
} or **21/-** MONTHLY

** No extra charge for easy payments*

GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS

Carriage Paid and Ready to Ride

A SPECIAL CASH BARGAIN

GENT'S ROADSTER complete with Bag, Pump & Tools **£8:8:0**

Write for Illustrated Cycle List—mentioning this paper—gladly sent Post Free

Rudge-Whitworth, Swift, B.S.A., Raleigh Enfield, James, and others also supplied

Wm. WHITELEY Ltd.
QUEENS RD., LONDON, W.2

£100
FOR
TEN WORDS

Enter the "Happy Endings" Competition in the "PASSING SHOW."

Buy this week's copy—you will be very interested.

No Entrance Fee.

Here is an example:

Jim: "Maisie's quite the centre of attraction."
Ike: "In that respect she's like her favourite 'Savoy' Chocs."
Jim: "Yes, 'centres of attraction'—that's why."

Sold at all Maynard's Branches, or by post from MAYNARD'S, LTD., FINSBURY PARK, N.8. 2 lb. or 4 lb post free.

Finish it off in ten words or less. To get full details you must buy the best of all humorous journals

THE PASSING SHOW

THE PICK OF THE MARKET

for RASPBERRIES and CUSTARD comes from Kent in the Garden of England, where the best raspberries are grown and the best custard is made. If you can't get Kentish Raspberries get the next best thing, but use Foster Clark's Cream Custard every time. You can get that anywhere. The two combined make a delicious healthful dish, as acceptable as strawberries and cream.

Grown-ups delight in it, children love it!

Sold in family tins 1/1, family packets 9½d., and in small packets.

FOSTER CLARK LTD., MAIDSTONE, KENT.

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

CUT OUT NOW

AMAZING OFFER OF 100,000 BOXES OF CIGARETTES FREE!

To all JOHN BULL Readers.

WOULD you like, absolutely free of charge, a box of the world's daintiest and most wonderful Cigarettes. It contains an assortment of all brands of ERAM-Khayyam Amber Cigarettes, tipped with petals of Roses, Mauve Silk, Real Gold and Cork. ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes were until recently only to be found in the Divans and Harems of the native Princes of India and unknown to Europeans.

The delicious and subtle Oriental Perfume, remindful of the

MYSTERIOUS CHARMS, VISIONS,

and alluring sweetness of the romantic East, revealed as the Cigarette is smoked, conveys a new meaning to the cigarette smoker.

In order to introduce these delightful ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes to a larger circle of smokers we have decided to distribute

100,000 Boxes FREE of ERAM-Khayyam CIGARETTES

The Wealth and Spices of the East Dissolved in Dream Cloud Smoke.

NEVER before has such a generous offer been made, but we know that once you have tested ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes you will always be their staunch friend.

TO receive one of these beautiful free boxes post to us the Coupon below, together with Postal Order for 9d. or stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and same will be forwarded to you by return of post, together with descriptive pamphlet.

Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfied. Further supplies may be obtained from all good-class Tobacconists and Stores.

READ THIS

Originals may be seen at our office.

"Dear Sirs, I have pleasure in writing to thank you for the beautiful Presentation Cabinet of excellent Cigarettes. They certainly are the finest one could wish for.

Yours truly, D.G.S."

"Dear Sirs, Your Cigarettes certainly are a dream. Shall always smoke them.

Yours truly, D.B.M."

A SPECIAL HOLIDAY GIFT.

In addition to the free trial Box of Cigarettes every applicant will also receive a FREE coupon for a magnificent real gold mounted Cigarette Holder 4½ inches long.

FREE GIFT COUPON.

TEAR OFF NOW before you forget.

Pin this coupon to a piece of paper with your name and address clearly written on same.

To L. & J. FABIAN,

ERAM Cig. Manfc. (Dept. C.B. 2), 74, New Bond St., London, W.1.

Please send me a Free Trial Box of ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes. I enclose 9d. to cover cost of postage and packing.

MORE THAN 18,000 BRITISH DOCTORS HAVE TAKEN UP CICFA FOR INDIGESTION

and HUNDREDS of these DOCTORS HAVE WRITTEN us of the SPLENDID RESULTS they have obtained by its use in PRACTICE, and in their HOMES.

Physicians' names and addresses must never be published; therefore, when a prominent physician wrote us recently doubting the accuracy of our statements, we invited him to call and examine the original letters and cards which we had received from those Physicians, assuring him that they would prove the correctness of our statements. He called, bringing a solicitor to assist him in thoroughly examining, and after they had made a full examination, he expressed his surprise, and declared that all his doubts were removed and he was entirely satisfied, because we had shown him absolute proof of the truthfulness of our every statement.

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CICFA restores NATURAL DIGESTION in Stomach and Bowel, with steady disappearance of gases which often cause pressure and pain near the heart through Stomach Indigestion, also that feeling of weight at the "pit of the Stomach" a couple of hours after eating when beginning Bowel Digestion, gradual disappearance of Fermentation with Flatulence and Acidity, as well as gradual disappearance of those little hard masses called "Starch Balls"; so that all the contents of the Bowel become digested, the nourishment absorbed into the system and the Refuse naturally expelled. Gradually the natural functions of all the organs of digestion are restored, and by such assistance permanent improvement is secured.

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in Stomach	in Bowel
GASES in STOMACH with eructations.	GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.	Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.	ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated white all over.	TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.	COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.	EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left shoulder Blade.	PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

Sold Everywhere. *Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s.*

THE CICFA CO.,

8, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQ., LONDON, W.1.

"JOHN BULL." 6 8 21.

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